



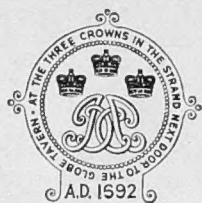
THE

Tatler

& Bystander 2s.6d. weekly 1 Jan. 1964

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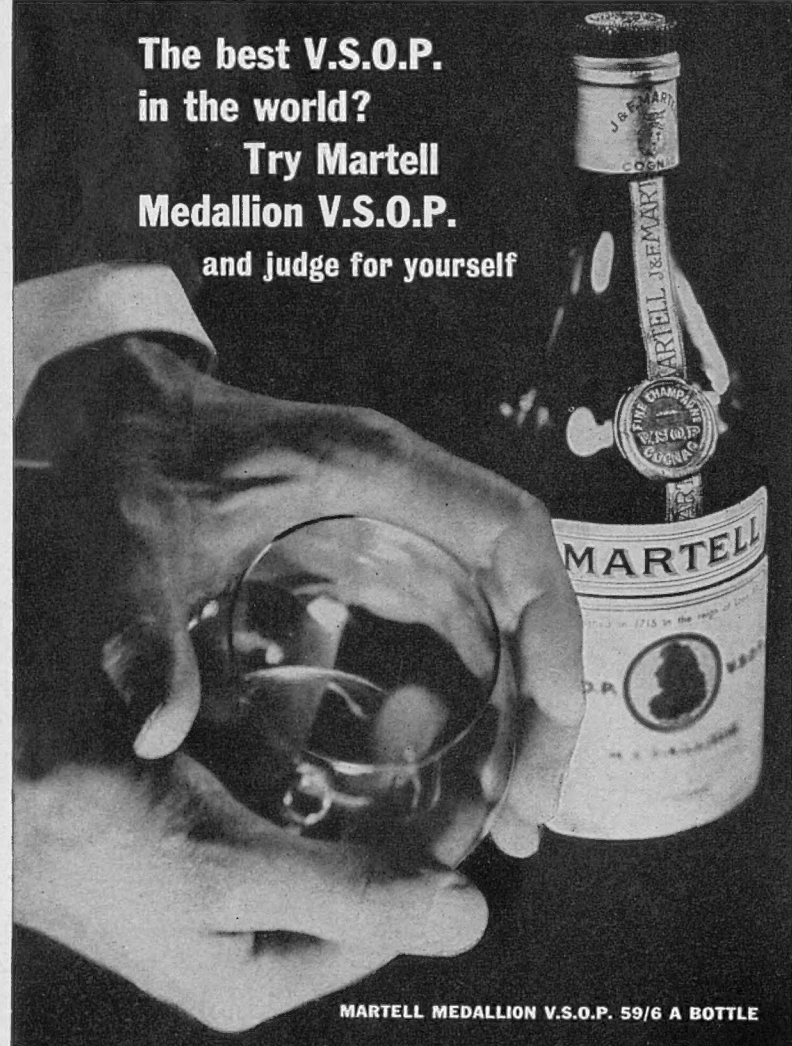
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Buying Gloves

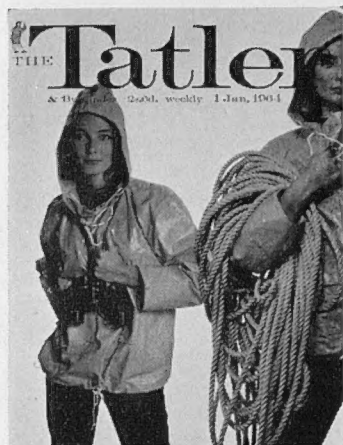
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Warm, comfortable, durable,
available everywhere
"Real Pigskin"—Real value
you wear it
acclaim it!

Tatler

AND BYSTANDER / VOLUME 251 / NUMBER 3253

EDITOR
JOHN OLIVER



Opening day of the International Boat Show at Earls Court coincides with the cover date of The Tatler this week. Appropriately Lidbrooke's colour picture highlights the kind of look that's essential when a girl takes to the boats. Her hooded smock in lemon yellow P.V.C. is waterproof and lightweight but warm and costs £2 19s. 6d. from Captain O. M. Watts of Albemarle Street, where you can also buy the coils of Italian hemp at 5s. 9d. a fathom. The dark navy blue proofed slacks and the cotton pullover come from Gieves, the Zeiss binoculars are from Negretti & Zambra, Regent Street

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GOING PLACES



SOCIAL & SPORTING

Twelfth Night Ball, Carlton Towers, 6 January, in aid of the Wayfarers' Trust. (Tickets, inc. supper, £3 3s., from Mrs. Madge Clarke, FRE 2285.)

Children's Parties, Savoy, 8 January (up to 8 yrs.), 9 January (9-14 yrs. Head-Dress Party), in aid of the Invalid Children's Aid Association. (Tickets, 25s., from Mrs. Gilbert Russell, KNI 8222.)

Feathers Club Dance (10-17 yr. olds), Lyceum, Strand, 13 January. (Tickets, 30s., res. tables £1, from the Marquesa de Casa Maury, FLA 3174; and Appeals Secretary, WES 3182, ext. 62.)

Young People's Ball, Quaglinos, 14 January, in aid of the N.S.P.C.C. (Details, Mr. Cripps, Victory House, Leicester Sq., GER 2774.)

Winter Ball, the Dorchester, 5 February. (Details, Miss Nancy Scott, PRO 2511.)

Hunt Balls: **Oakley**, Corn Exchange, Bedford; **Hursley**, Norman Court, W. Tytherley, nr. Stockbridge; **Portman**, Bryanston School, Blandford, 10 January; **Cowdray**, Cowdray House, Midhurst, 17 January; **Fernie**, 25 January; **N. Warwickshire**, Welcombe Hotel, Stratford-on-Avon, 31 January; **Royal Agricultural College Beagles**, Bingham Hall, Cirencester, 5 February.

RACE MEETINGS

Steeplechasing: Catterick Bridge, today; Liverpool, today and 2; Windsor, 3, 4; Ayr, 4; Leicester, 4, 6; Plumpton, 6; Cheltenham, 8, 9 January.

RUGBY

Scotland v. France, Murrayfield, Edinburgh, 4 January.

England v. New Zealand, Twickenham, 4 January.

MUSICAL

Covent Garden Opera. *Katerina Ismailova*, 7 p.m. tonight, 4, 6, 10 January (last perf.); *Billy Budd*, 7.30 p.m., 9, 11, 14 January. (cov 1066.)

Royal Ballet, Covent Garden. *The Sleeping Beauty*, 2, 7, 8 January; *Swan Lake*, 3 January, 7.30 p.m. *Coppelia*, 4 January; *La Fille Mal Gardée*, 11 January, 2.15 p.m.

Royal Festival Hall. London Bach Players, cond. Taylor, 8 p.m., tonight; Polyphonia Symphony Orchestra, cond. Fairfax (programme includes first perf. in England of Rachmaninoff's First Symphony), 8 p.m., 2 January; Hallé Orchestra, cond. Barbirolli, 8 p.m., 3 & 4 January; (wat 3191.)

Westminster Abbey. Jacqueline Du Pré (cello), George Malcolm (harpichord) in Bach programme, 8 p.m., 7 January. (wel 2331.)

ART

Goya & His Times, R.A. Winter Exhibition, Burlington House, Piccadilly, to March.

Contemporary Scottish Painting, Commonwealth Institute, to 2 February.

David Hockney, Kasmin Gallery, to 11 January.

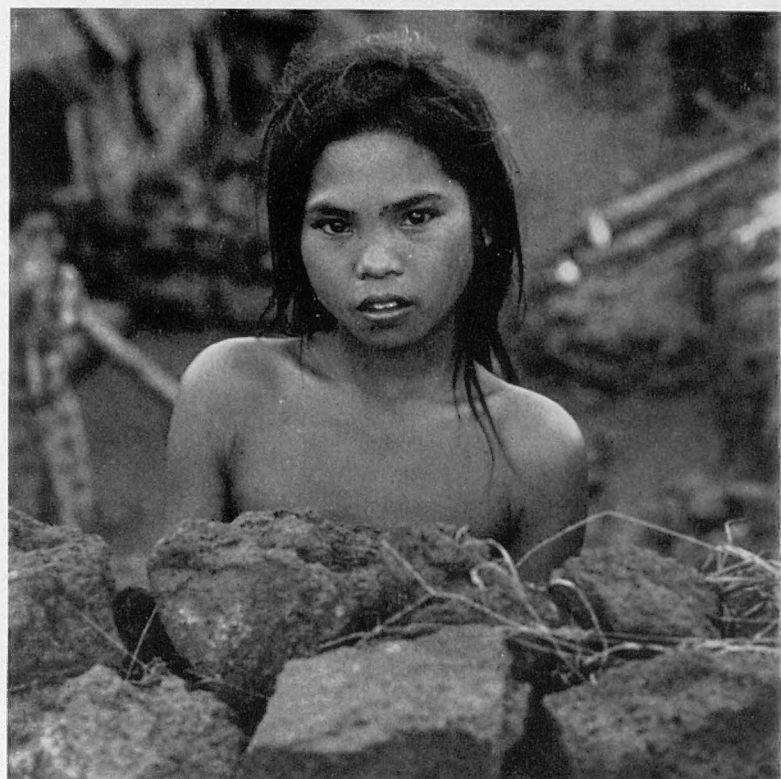
EXHIBITIONS

International Boat Show, Earls Court, to 11 January.

Boys & Girls Exhibition, Olympia, to 11 January.

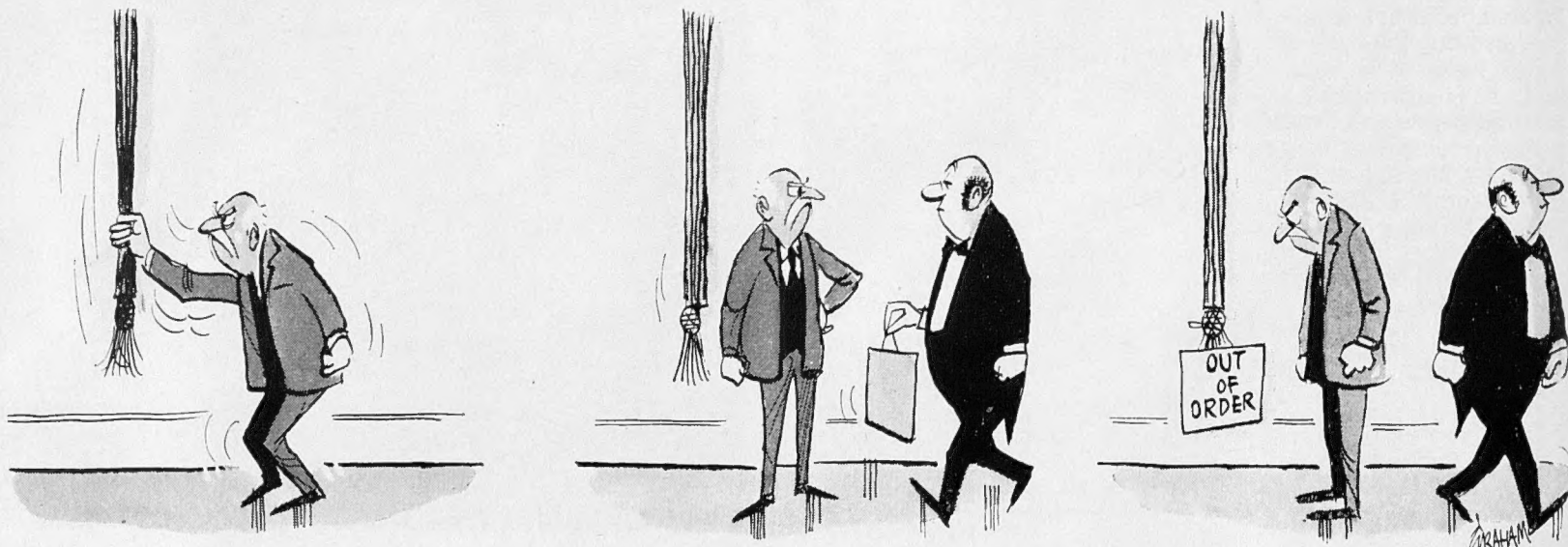
The World of Dolls, Meubles Français, 36 North Audley St. (in aid of the African Medical and Research Foundation), to 31 January.

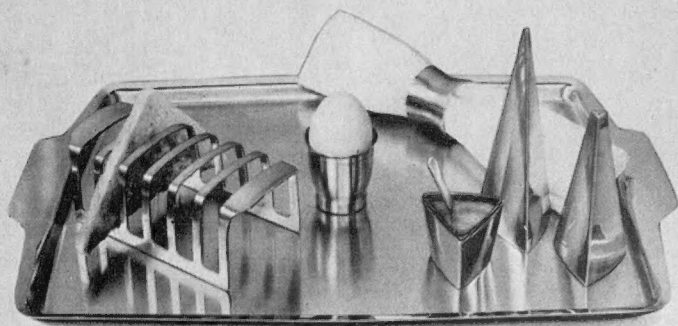
Modern Jewellery, lent by the Worshipful Company of Goldsmiths, Foyles Gallery, Charing Cross Rd., to 4 January.



YOU'LL BE SEEING MORE of the little girl in the picture above in next week's Travel Issue of The Tatler. She comes from the dancing island of Bali in Indonesia, photographed in colour by Romano Cagnoni on a recent Far Eastern journey. But Bali is only one staging post on a world-ranging commitment by land, sea and air in the travel number which also includes a how-to-get-there and when-to-go holiday chart specially devised by Doone Beal

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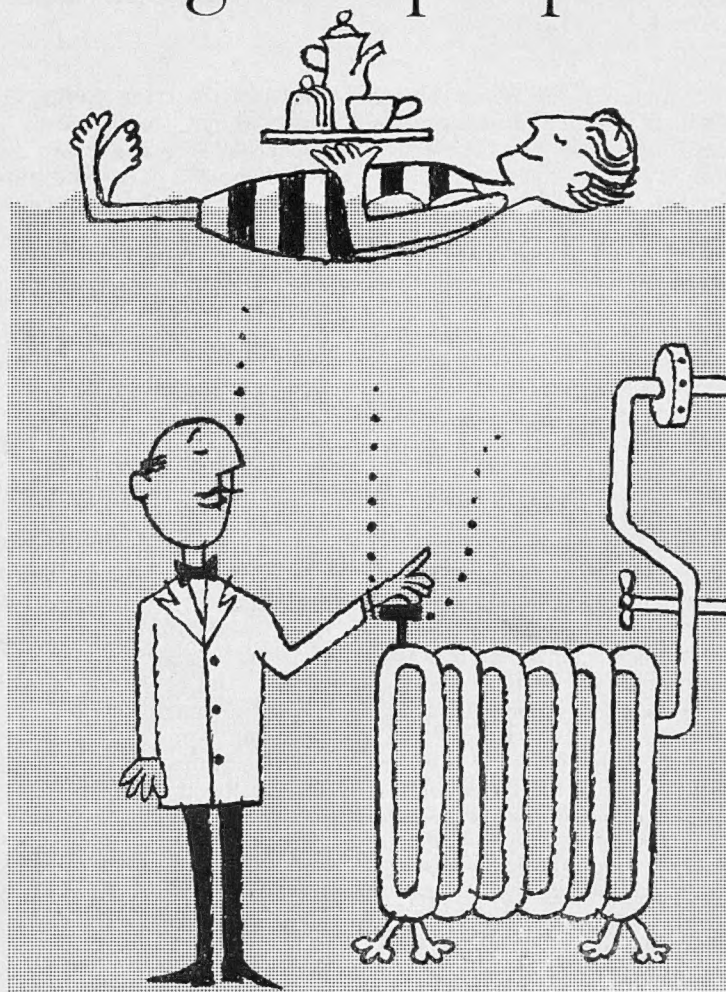
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GOING PLACES

BIG CITY, SMALL HOTEL

The memory of some small hotels in which I have stayed is more amusing in retrospect than it was at the time. There was the mouse in the bedroom which sent me shrieking downstairs to the concierge of an inn in the wilds of Turkey; the sharp electric shocks that issued, not only from the bedside lamp but also from the bath taps in a hotel on the Costa del Sol, in the days when that now lamented coast was far from streamlined; the breakfast room in one of Beirut's lesser hostelries, which looked like the back end of a night club (a sobering view of a city of which I have otherwise known only the sunnier side, at least so far as bed and board were concerned).

Yet there is a certain snobbery about staying in small hotels. In a subtle way, you can turn the tables on those whose forwarding address is inevitably the Ritz or the Hilton. Nobody puts it into words exactly, but the implication is that any fool with a big enough expense account can be international about his accommodation. The further, and more wounding, implication is that the small-hotel man has known the city like the back of his hand for years; he understands the wines, the food, the language, the people and the customs. In the stakes of travel snobbery, longevity of acquaintance is quickly going to take precedence over mere distance, as a brief round of Christmas cocktail parties will have proved to most observers of trend.

It is, of course, ridiculous to decry the advantages of comfort, space and convenience (give or take the old world tradition, with the new American chain hotels springing up all over Europe) which Europe's greatest hotels provide. I would not, for example, tramp the streets of Madrid in search of a small hotel when the Palace, whose comfort and service are almost unsurpassable, charges only £3 a night for a double room and bath: the price of many a "small" hotel in the rest of Europe's capitals.

Neither, in my view, does it make sense to save a few shillings in a cheap, off-centre hotel and then double it in

taxi fares getting to and from your shops, restaurants and theatres. But there are some small hotels I would choose for their own sake, because they are intimate, centrally located, sympathetic, and retain an atmosphere of the city to which they belong, and because, if not rock bottom in price, they are reasonable. Unless otherwise indicated, those I mention cost £3 or under per night, for a double room and private bath.

"Central", in Paris, must depend upon your chosen centre. For me, it is the network of streets around the Rue du Bac, five minutes' walk from Nôtre-Dame and the enchanted streets of the old Quays, and an equal distance from the markets of the Rue de Seine, from the Deux Magots and the shops and restaurants of St. Germain. The Hotel de



ABROAD

Nice, in the Rue des Beaux Arts, charges 50 NF (about £4) a night for a double room and bath: this at least is the price of their best, newly-built rooms, which are charmingly decorated, and in which it is a pleasure to sit over one's breakfast coffee and croissant, gazing across those navy blue and yellow rooftops which are lit by a light peculiar to Paris. A few blocks away I investigated also the D'Angleterre, 44 Rue Jacob (the street which houses, incidentally, all the prettiest and newest little night *bôîtes*), where the rates are a few francs less.

Venice is honeycombed with

good little hotels, of the kind which understandably tempted generations of the artier type of English spinster, as well as gentlemen of arts and letters, to sit out the winter, dreaming over the canals and penning publishable letters home. The Pensione Accademia, with all those Bellinis on the doorstep, is just behind the Gallery. On the other side of the Grand Canal, the Pensione Flora is tucked away between the Grand and the Gritti Palace. My own favourite is the Cavalletto E Doge Orseolo, on Dipendenza, a few paces from San Marco. It is a hotel proper, not a *pensione*, and has a charming little bar and pretty rooms overlooking its own stretch of small canal.

In Florence, the Continentale is a treasure. Looking right over Ponte Vecchio, its rooms are strictly modern (if a bit



AMSTERDAM: In streets such as this some of the best small hotels are to be found; small, inexpensive, but with picture-book charm and a canal view

JOHN BAKER WHITE

GOING PLACES TO EAT

SHOWTIME SPECIALITIES

short on elbow space), but the service is personal and charming. One remembers hotels not least for the sort of hall porters who will run round the corner with your shoes and get them heeled in a matter of minutes: something which the new, international type ought to do at the press of a button, but don't always.

Rome is not a logical city. Topographically, if that is the word for it, I still find it one of the hardest to know. It rather defies convention, in that the Piazza di Spagna, which might be considered at least to be its tourist mecca, does not necessarily house its most expensive shops. And just off the Via Condotti (which does) are some of its most inexpensive hotels. I won't say that they are the most comfortable: a disadvantage to light sleepers is the heat in summer and the noise at all times. But both the Condotti (Via Maria dei Fiori) and the Inghilterra (Via Bocca di Leone) are adequate in comfort and marvellously placed. Rates are around £3 a night for two.

In Amsterdam, the Estherea is almost a picture-book hotel. Its front rooms look out through French windows and a tiny balcony over the Singel canal and the plane trees and the cobbles. It has neither bar nor restaurant, just a funny little plush furnished room on the ground floor. It is sweet, and rather honeymoonable. The address is Singel 305, rates around £3 for a double room and bath.

The Algonquin is not the cheapest hotel in New York (though at an average of 12 dollars single and 16 double, it can certainly be classified as reasonable). Long the venue of the literary and theatrical fraternity (its Round Table was immortalized by Dorothy Parker, Alexander Woolcott and Robert Benchley), the tradition lingers with the new Royal Court generation now lionizing Broadway. In style it is Continental, not American. It is sufficiently small to be truly personal. They treasure their clients' idiosyncrasies and the management once installed a gramophone in my bedroom without batting an eyelid. It also has one of the best restaurants in Manhattan. It is on 59, West 44th Street, and from it you can walk practically anywhere you want to go in the city—not least of all, to and from Broadway, which, with or without a taxi, can otherwise be a production on its own.

C.S. . . . Closed Sundays
W.B. . . . Wise to book a table

Old Kentucky Pancake Kitchen, Irving Street, Leicester Square. "I only want one course for lunch" and "where can we get something light and simple before the show" are oft-spoken pleas. This new restaurant seems to answer both of them. Although one can get a grill—and I liked the look of the saddle I saw being brought in—its specialities are pancakes, omelettes and pizza. I had tomato soup, good and plenty of it, for 1s. 3d., followed by a Plantation Pancake for 5s., and a large well-made white coffee for 10d. I could have had a choice of some dozen pancakes, savoury or sweet, and other egg dishes. Service was speedy and smiling. It is in fact a useful place, in the heart of theatreland, where you can get a light but adequate meal for under 10s. It is not licensed.

La Bohème, 65 King's Road, Chelsea, just by Wellington Square. (SLO 3553.) C.S. Everything is new about this restaurant save the name and address. Mr. Maurice Childs is now directing it and, with royal blue banquettes, silver, grey and gold walls, it is intimate and elegant. The menu is international, including some Greek and East European dishes. The *pâté maison* was just as it should be, and I ate after it one of the specialities of the house, new to me and quite excellent. It was *Turbot à la Brochette Bohème*, the fish being cooked with tomato, mushrooms and bay leaves and served on a bed of spiced rice. I had the tenderest of *haricots verts* with it, not quick-frozen but fresh—and in December. The coffee was outstanding and the service impeccable. The wine list is of considerable quality, including quite a number of magnums. I made a particular note of items 14, 24, 31 and 74. Without wine your meal will cost you about 25s. for 3 courses, and is worth it. If I wanted to clinch an important business deal with somebody, this is where I would take him for luncheon. If she were a dear friend appreciative of the good things of

life, this is where we would dine. "*Confort Cossu*" in fact. W.B.

Wine notes

All the 40 wines shown at O. W. Loeb's tasting at the Charing Cross Hotel had been imported in bottle. Twelve were French, including two from the Loire, three from Alsace, and the rest German. Faced with this splendid array of quality I decided to look for those that seemed to be good value, relating price to quality, for the buyer of moderate means. On this basis I chose of the French the 1959 Gevrey-Chambertin Premier Cru, Armand Rousseau at 25s. 6d., the estate bottled 1961 Riesling Grand Reserve at 17s. 6d., and the delightful muscat 1961 Gewuerztraminer Reserve Exceptionnelle, which, I believe, may come up to the standard of the 1959 wine.

Of the German wines I chose a Moselle 1959 Piesporter Goldtroepchen Spaetlese Naturrein, at 19s. 6d., and at the same price a Rheingau 1959 Ruedesheimer Bischofsberg Riesling, Graf von Schoenborn. If I had been in the position of being able to choose one wine only from the German showing, it would have been a charming Nahe wine, the 1961 Kreuznacher Brueckes Rotlay Riesling, Graf von Plettenberg, at 17s. 6d. which for an estate-bottled wine seems a most reasonable price.

The excellence of the cold buffet was a reminder of how good the food is at the Charing Cross Hotel and how amiable the surroundings.

Recently Bouchard Aine showed some of their Burgundies of the 1962 vintage in the wood. I made a particular note of the following:

Red: Château du Chatelard, Beaujolais Village, Chambolle-Musigny, Côte de Nuits. *White*: Beaujolais Village, Chassagne-Montrachet, Côte de Beaune.

They showed as well one claret—Château Haut Marbuzet 1962, St. Estèphe. I dare to predict that this will develop into a remarkable wine, but it will not be cheap—not much under £1 per bottle. At the same tasting B. M. & J. Strauss were showing some of their wines in bottle. Of these I

noted the Liebfraumilch Kirchengarten and Zeltinger Sonnenblick, both of 1961, and the Châteauneuf du Pape—Clos St. Clement, of 1959.

John Harvey of Bristol have published a further, and seventh, edition of their 48-page pocket size *Guide to Wines*, which can be got at any one of their branches and associated wine stores. It contains much useful information, not only for the beginner but also for those of us who think we know all the answers and suddenly discover that we don't.

Local guide

With the impact of the motor car on social behaviour, one's favourite local may not necessarily be at the other end of the village, but 10 miles away. Another consequence of the motor car is that more and more inns have gone back to their original role, that of serving food as well as ale. These facts justify **Egon Ronay's 1964 Guide to 600 Pubs** (Hutchinson 9s. 6d.). It tells you just what you want to know, including what beers are kept, where you can get food and what sort, and includes a map. It covers London (with 280 inns) the South and South West of England. A useful and inexpensive addition to the travel library.

. . . and a reminder

Basil Street Hotel restaurant Basil Street, Knightsbridge. (SLO 3411.) A good place to meet old friends in most pleasant surroundings; not expensive.

Ristorante Campana, 31 Marylebone High Street. (WEL 9334.) Good Italian cooking and a pleasant atmosphere.

Don Luigi, 33c King's Road, Chelsea. (SLO 3023.) An attractive trattoria with good cooking at prices which are very reasonable.

Beotys, 79 St. Martins Lane. (TEM 8768.) Greek, French and Italian cooking, and not expensive for good quality.

The Sands, 30 Bond Street. (MAY 4946.) Open to 2 a.m. Highly original decor and pretty original menu. Not expensive, popular with young people.



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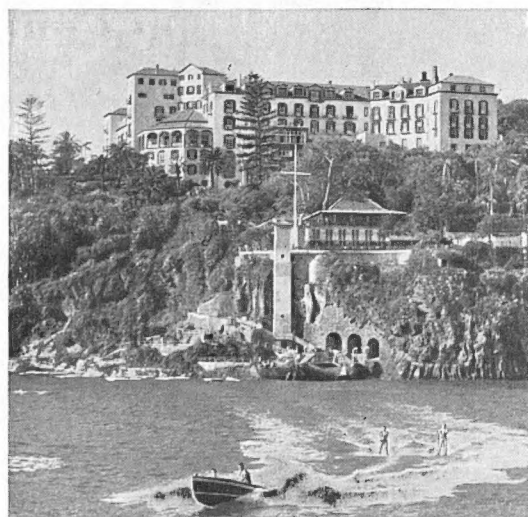
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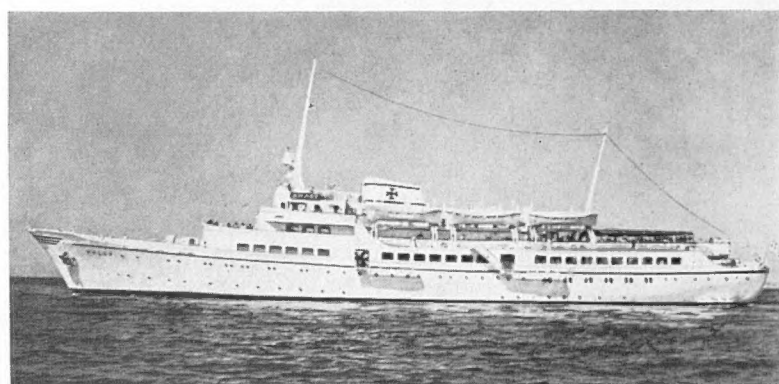


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THE
TATLER
1 JANUARY
1964

Life-boat benefit



Best way of combining the pleasures of the Christmas season with the underlying spirit of the festival, is a charity ball. One of the most splendid was the Lifeboat Ball held at the Savoy. Proceeds went to the Royal National Life-boat Institution and more than 400 guests attended. A feature of the ball was a giant tombola—large enough to average two prizes a head. Winners here are Valerie Lady Bowden and Col. Gordon Hamilton-Gay. More pictures by Van Hallan overleaf

Lifeboat benefit continued

1 Mrs. Dominick Sarsfield, a member of the Committee of the Ladies' Lifeboat Guild

2 Mrs. Brian Johnston was chairman of the Tombola Committee

3 Miss Anna Rickaby and Mr. Richard Charles

4 Mrs. Macdonald Hobley and Dr. Desmond Nixon

5 Miss Clare Young and Mr. Christopher Hobday

6 Mr. & Mrs. Edgar Beck who received the guests. She was the chairman of the ball

7 Miss Tessa Prain tries on a fur hat won at the tombola

8 Comparing ticket numbers, Mrs. Michael Addy and Mrs. R. C. Comery

9 Mr. Frederick Erroll, Minister of Fuel and Power, and his wife

10 Miss Jenny Maclean and Mr. Hans von Diepen

11 Mr. James Howison and Miss Justine Compton

12 Miss Veronica Brand

13 Miss Alexandra Beauclerc

14 Sir Gordon Smith, Bt., and Lady Smith

15 Lady Strathcarron and Wing Commander C. S. Watkinson

16 Mrs. E. Ellsworth-Jones, one of the vice-chairmen of the ball committee

17 Sir Charles & Lady Norton. She is chairman of the Central London Branch of the Ladies' Lifeboat Guild

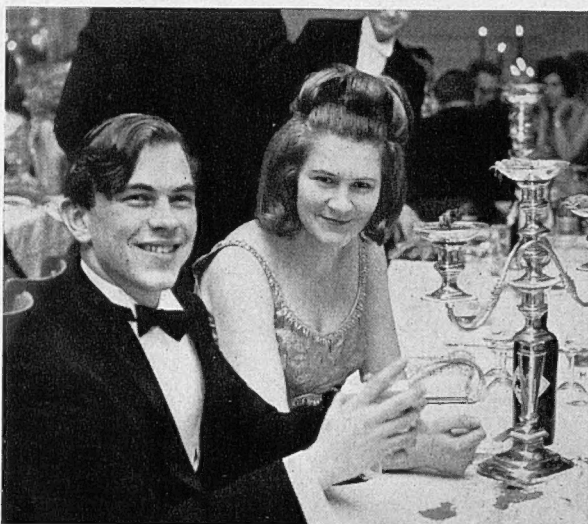
18 Miss Fiona MacGregor and Mr. David Taylor sold lucky draw tickets



1



2



3



4



5



6



7/8



9



10/11



12



13/14



15



16/17



18

Despite the Field Marshal by Muriel Bowen

When I mentioned to one of our more loquacious Field Marshals that I was going to try to find out what people's New Year hopes and resolutions were, his advice was short and crisp. "Don't!", he said. "Worse than going to the dogs you will only discover that the country is going over to the Liberal Party and Green Shield stamps." But having talked to a number of people I'm certain that the nation is safe from both these catastrophes—until 1965 at least.

The essence of New Year resolutions is the impossibility of their ever being fulfilled. Editor-politician IAIN MACLEOD, M.P. set my investigations off on a more hopeful note. "New Year to me is always a new beginning, a new hope. My first hope is for peace, my second for a better life for all our people."

Industrialist SIR MILES THOMAS has made up his mind to count ten before expressing his views on international affairs in future. "We are too ready to jump to conclusions on international matters, to think with our hearts and not with our heads."

STILL FLYING

LADY DOUGLAS OF KIRTLESIDE, lissom, lively wife of the chairman of B.E.A., is facing up to her husband's retirement on 31 March. "I'm determined we're not going to cut down on our flying just because Sholto isn't chairman of B.E.A. any more." The one year she did keep track of her travelling it came to over 100,000 miles. So it looks as if she is going to continue having quite a time. "Retirement means changes but I'm determined not to let Sholto or Katharine get bored with it." Katharine is Britain's most travelled six-year-old.

The Shadow Chancellor, Mr. JAMES CALLAGHAN, M.P. is going to be more diligent after lunch at seeking out one of a couple of chairs in the House of Commons library that are good for sleeping. "A ten minutes nap after lunch makes a new man of me," he says.

The man who provides these comfortable chairs, Mr. GEOFFREY RIPPON, M.P., Minister of Public Building & Works, is facing up to slimming in earnest. (Ministers of Agriculture and Education please, please, please note!). "Taking the whole of next year I'm going to lose two stones. Anne has just told me that it is going to mean cutting down on alcohol, sugar, potatoes . . . the whole shopping list in fact."

But perhaps Mr. Rippon is making a mistake. His best known predecessor was "Big Ben" Hall and, because of his size, the famous clock was called after him. Mr. Rippon is a far more prolific public builder than Big Ben Hall ever was. If he were to put off his dieting until 1965 goodness knows what

bureaucratic palace a grateful House of Commons might name after him.

Some people don't have New Year resolutions. "I'm not against them, they are perfectly good things, I've always been in favour of them, the trouble is I've never had time to get down to having one myself," said 81-year-old actress DAME SYBIL THORNDIKE. Then, quickly getting in a commercial, she added: "My resolution of the moment is to do well in my new show which opens in Brighton on 6 January."

SIR COMPTON'S CODA

Some people are faithful to the same resolution for years. On the phone from Edinburgh, author SIR COMPTON MACKENZIE told me that he has promised every New Year for the past fifty years, "not to play golf." More recently he has added, "not to give up smoking." He manages to keep his resolutions too. Not so TV star, LADY BARNETT. "I've decided that in 1964 I am not going to let myself in for things six months in advance that I know I am going to hate doing anyway . . . but like every other New Year resolution I've ever made I don't believe this one will last after the end of January."

VICTOR MISHCON, lawyer, and a past chairman of the London County Council, hopes in 1964 to, "talk less and read more." DAME EVELYN SHARP is another who wants to make better use of her leisure. "I want to read more, go to theatres more, go to parties more, to give more parties . . . and not just sit in the office all the time!", she told me with the brisk efficiency which makes those who have ever tried to keep up with her wilt by the wayside. For the past eight years Dame Evelyn has been the permanent head of the Ministry of Housing & Local Government.

MEMO: LEARN TO DRIVE

Steeplechase jockey FRED WINTER told me that his more serious resolutions would not look their best in print and that I would have to be content with his second string. "I'll make a resolution not to eat too much nor drink too much, but it will only last three days, maybe four. More seriously I intend to ride all the winners I can by April and train all the winners I can after that."

The EARL OF LONGFORD is seriously getting down to learning to drive the red Mini that the staff of the National Bank presented to him when he gave up the chairmanship last year in order to return to politics. "I booked a dozen lessons and I've only managed to take one," he told me. "My New Year resolution is to take the other eleven as soon as possible . . . I want to get driving the car myself before the family smash

it up on me." As seven of his eight children are of car-driving age I should think he has a lot to worry about.

I can tell him—and my information comes straight from the horse's mouth—that the staff of the Bank simply can't wait to see him at the wheel. Watching him lower his tall frame in sections into the driving seat of the Mini will, they say, be something well worth seeing.

For the last word I went to novelist BARBARA CARTLAND whose 100th book is to be published early in the New Year. "My hope for 1964 is that someone will invent vitamins that will make women in the 20-40 age group look younger in the same way that doctors can arrange it now for those in the 70-100 age group . . . I think there is a real need to be fulfilled."

As one of the 20-40 age group I think Miss Cartland is to be congratulated on hitting the nail smartly on the head.

THE BROTHERS LIVINGSTON

Last week I lunched with Mr. FRANK LIVINGSTON, the Australian yachtsman, who had flown over to see progress on the new 12-metre yacht Kurrewa V which he and his brother JOHN are having built as a possible challenger for the America's Cup later this year.

"We are having The Hon. Mrs. MACDONALD-BUCHANAN to launch it for us on 31 March," he told me. "Our main problem now is how to get our friends to Holy Loch for the launching. Holy Loch is a terribly cold place near nowhere and, besides, what do you do with people when you get them there?" Kurrewa V will be launched as a Royal Yacht Squadron boat with the White Ensign, but she will sail under the flag of the Royal Thames, the Club that is challenging for the Cup.

QUESTION OF IDENTITY

The Livingstons are two elderly bachelors with 1,250,000 acres in Australia grazed by sheep and cattle. Getting around their various properties entails an 8,000 mile journey. At Cowes people say they cannot tell the brothers apart. Actually it is quite easy; Frank is the well-dressed one. John tells a delicious story of staying at Major Reginald Macdonald-Buchanan's place in Ross-shire and discovering that some of his clothes had fallen apart; the butler had ironed them. Last summer his sister, LILA LIVINGSTON, flew to London and ordered some suits at his tailors and paid for them with her own cheque. She was no sooner on the plane back to Australia than he cancelled the order. "Good clothes are such a nuisance when you travel about a bit, you find you spend your time looking after them," he told me.

Who's going to be Juliet?

BOATS AND THE BALL

More talk of boats at the Life-Boat Ball at the Savoy which was attended by a number of prominent yachtsmen and their wives; among them Mr. & Mrs. GLYN BLAXTER; SIR GORDON SMITH, BT., & LADY SMITH; and Mr. & Mrs. E. ELLSWORTH-JONES. (See pictures page 7 onwards)

There are 150 life-boats on our shores. They cost about £40,000 apiece and are virtually unsinkable. The bravery of their crews is legendary, but what is much less well known is the increasingly large number of yachtsmen they save from otherwise certain death during the summer months. "People sometimes ask why we don't nationalize the life-boats instead of always looking for money," Mrs. ALEXANDER EDDY said to me. "But it wouldn't be the same. You would never get the same spirit." Mrs. Eddy has been on the Life-Boat Ball committee for 25 years.

The life-boats cost £1 million a year and half of this amount is raised by voluntary effort (the rest by shrewd investment). The tactical details of some of the voluntary efforts can be very slick. At the ball the more beautiful girls were concentrated on programme selling. "Five shillings... but give anything you like... it all goes to the charity, you know." Only cads were giving silver.

The successful charity ball chairman to-day has to be something of a tycoon in disguise. I asked Mrs. EDGAR BECK how she raised £1,000 in donations.

"I whipped round all the friends I could possibly approach, especially my husband's friends. They gave the most."

THE COUNTESS PLANS

Over drinks in her Orme Square house the COUNTESS OF HAREWOOD talked of what looks like becoming the most spectacular ball of 1964. The Opera Ball committee, capitalizing on Shakespeare year, have made the Shakespeare operas their theme. Spotlights will pick up the parade of costumes down the twin staircases of the Great Room of Grosvenor House. First prize for the best costume will be an all-expenses-paid holiday for two at the Baalbek Festival in Lebanon. The ball should mean booming business for the theatrical costumiers. But Lady Harewood, who is chairman, won't be surprised to see a home-made creation carry off the first prize. "Some people are so awfully good with their hands, it's amazing what they can do." The proceeds of the ball, which takes place on 5 March, will go towards the production of a new Benjamin Britten work at the Aldeburgh Festival.



Twelve of Shakespeare's plays have been given operatic treatment—including *The Comedy of Errors* as a musical—so guests attending this year's Opera Ball will have plenty of choice for their costume. Shakespearean opera has been chosen as the theme since 1964 marks the 400th anniversary of the dramatist's birth. A committee meeting for the Ball took place at the home of the Countess of Harewood—she is the chairman—in Orme Square, Bayswater

- 1 The Countess of Harewood and Mr. Basil Douglas, the ball organizer
- 2 Mr. Alan Sievwright, who is designing the decor for the ball at Grosvenor House, with Mrs. John Chichester-Constable
- 3 Mrs. Jack Lyons and Mr. Anthony Hutt



Children boost the fund

More than a hundred children converged on Chelsea Town Hall for the party held in aid of the Children and Families World Community Chest which gives practical help to war-disabled refugees with special concentration on Austria, Germany and Italy. After tea the children were entertained by a conjuror and a Punch and Judy show

- 1 Andrea, daughter of Mr. & Mrs. George Justin
- 2 Barbara, daughter of Mr. & Mrs. J. Kalinowska, playing musical chairs
- 3 Toby Barton watches the conjuror
- 4 Lydia Bielak
- 5 Jasper Jacob, son of Kathleen Byron the actress, watches Punch and Judy
- 6 Lucinda Tait approved of the food
- 7 Ewa Kotas and Renata Gradosielski arrived in Polish national dress
- 8 Peter Harper
- 9 Victoria Eadie and Mark Woods found the conjuror a little noisy
- 10 Danny Longhurst and John Richards answering the conjuror's questions



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PHOTOGRAPHS: DESMOND O'NEILL



Cover in the kale

Knee-high kale at Red Rice Farm, Andover, made an extra hazard for the fifteen Labradors that took part in the 94th field trial meeting of the Labrador Retriever Club

1 Dogs and their handlers start for the cover.

The meeting was for the novice dog and novice handler stake

2 Mr. J. Straver with Mr. E. B. Scott at whose home, Red Rice Farm, the trial was held

3 Mrs. J. B. L. Salisbury, of Mills Platt Farm, Wilts, directs her dog Foxhanger Quickie

4 Major M. P. E. Evans, of Well Barn House, Moultsford, directs his Siegfried's Horncall

5 Mrs. E. G. W. W. Harrison handled Roughter Dragon owned by her husband, Major-General Harrison, of Bodmin

6 Mr. C. Burrows, of Church House Farm Cottage, Colchester, retrieves from his yellow bitch Woodland Silk

7 Starting the trial.

There were 15 competitors

8 Mrs. R. Easton entered her dog in the qualifying trial

9 Miss P. R. Saunders, Mrs. P. A. Whitehead, wife of Lt.-Comdr. Whitehead, who competed, and Miss Dorothy Fraser

10 Lt.-Comdr. Whitehead after a successful retrieve by his black bitch Sarumvale Vanda



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3/4

PHOTOGRAPHS: ALAN VINES

Letter from Scotland



The Border homes come to gay life over the New Year season. The Earl & Countess of Haddington moved from Tynninghame House, their East Linton home, to Mellerstain just before Christmas and have been entertaining a large family party there. It includes their son Lord Binning, on holiday from University in Dublin, and their married daughter, her husband and three children who have come up from London. There's also to be what Lady Haddington describes as "a young party"—mostly friends of Lord Binning—for the Berwickshire Hunt Ball at Marchmont, Bridget, Lady McEwen's home, on 3 January. Lady McEwen told me cheerfully that her house was so full with her family party, which includes 10 of her 14 grandchildren, that she didn't know where they were going to find room for the ball.

The Haddingtons have had such a busy year—particularly with their son's coming-of-age party in the summer—that they have not managed to organise their usual holiday until now. So they're going to escape the winter by going off to Egypt at the end of January. "It will be our first holiday there and we're so excited about it," Lady Haddington told me. "My husband is particularly looking forward to it because he is very keen on Egyptian art." They also plan to visit Jerusalem and Tel Aviv where they will stay with Mr. and Mrs. John Beith, the British Ambassador and his wife who is a daughter of Sir John Gilmour.

EDINBURGH AND ALL THAT JAZZ

Well, well, well. It was enough to make Edinburgh raise its eyebrows—a jazz club in the Assembly Rooms and tombola in the Music Hall. But, though surprise may have been the reaction when the scheme was first mooted, nothing but pleased acceptance was evident at the 11th annual ball of the King George's Fund for Sailors held recently in Edinburgh. About 800 people thoroughly enjoyed themselves dancing against a backdrop of royal blue given an extra dash of marine atmosphere by the addition of a very genuine-looking

lighthouse and a quantity of seagulls. Only the ozone was missing.

There were several large parties, including 36 officers and their partners from H.M.S. *Claverhouse*. Vice-Admiral A. R. Hezlet, Flag Officer Scotland and Northern Ireland, was present with his wife who was chairman of the Ball Committee. The President of the Scottish Council of the Fund, Admiral Sir Frederick Dalrymple-Hamilton, attended with his daughter Christian; the Air Force in Scotland was represented by Air Vice-Marshal K. V. Garside, who was also accompanied by his daughter.

A large party from Perthshire included Miss Annabel Crombie and her fiancé, Mr. Simon G. Younger, of Baro, Haddington. Miss Crombie, who is the second daughter of Rear-Admiral Harvey Crombie and Mrs. Crombie, of Drum Coille, Braco, Perthshire, recently announced her engagement within ten days of her elder sister Rosanna's becoming engaged to Captain Malcolm Shennan of the Royal Scots Greys. Both sisters plan to marry in the spring—Rosanna in London, Annabel in Edinburgh.

RETIRING PRESIDENT

The Countess of Elgin and Kincardine, who has been County President of the Red Cross in Fife for the past 21 years, has announced that she will retire from office early in the New Year. "The whole Scottish Red Cross is very lively at the moment, so this seemed a good time to hand over," she told me. However, she hopes still to retain a continuing interest in the Society's work.

Lady Elgin finds she has an increasing number of interests, she tells me—"including an increasing number of grandchildren, so I feel I should perhaps be at home a little more." She now proudly claims 12 grandchildren and is looking forward to having three of them from Canada to visit her in the spring when her daughter, Lady Alison Stewart-Patterson, and her Canadian husband will be making their first trip to Scotland since their youngest child was born.

J.P.



Bride at St. Margaret's, Westminster, Miss Marigold Harmsworth, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Michael Harmsworth, of Thumster House, Caithness, was married to architect Mr. Francis Pym.



Report and photographs by Desmond O'Neill

The pheasants squatting along the ride waited until we were almost on top of them before diving for the shelter of the wood. "They are still quite tame because of the late start to the season," said Edward Portman over whose Crowood estate we were driving, "but it will be a different story in a few weeks when we've shot near here."

This part of Wiltshire is famous for its shoots; next to Crowood is Lord Rootes' Ramsbury Manor estate, and Littlecote, owned by Sir Edward Wills, and to the south-east is the Earl of Carnarvon's big Highclere shoot. These rolling Downs dotted with woods make the driven birds fly high and really test the skill of the guns.

Though the general trend is for shoots to be let to syndicates, the Portman's shooting parties are private and limited to eight guns and their wives once a fortnight during the winter. "When we hold one of these and come back to the house for

lunch I usually give them pheasant stew," said Mrs. Rosemary Portman, who is herself a keen shot. "I used to provide high teas at the end of the day as well, but nobody ate them, so now I just produce a pot of tea, a bottle of whisky and sausages on sticks and everybody seems just as happy."

Half-a-dozen of these guests often spend the weekend with the Portmans and in the evening there is the inevitable inquest in the bar (which is decorated with the host's motor-racing trophies) on the day's shooting, sometimes followed by a twist party which might go on until the early hours of the following morning.

The Portmans came to live at Crowood in 1960 and have steadily built up the shooting on the 1,000-acre property. Mr. Portman has also leased the sporting rights of an adjoining 1,000 acres, once part of the original Crowood estate which was broken up 20 years ago.

"Each year we rear about 300 partridges and pheasants to help to replenish our stock—we shot about 1,400 birds last season, including 600 on two days—but the hard winter cut down the numbers this year," he said. On an average he shoots three days a week using a fine pair of guns which are two of four matching guns originally made for his grandfather, the late Viscount Portman, on whose estate in Dorset he first learned to shoot.

The family sometimes practise clay pigeon shooting in the garden at the back of their home where an unlucky shot into their nearby greenhouse costs the culprit, family or guest, a £5 fine. But there is no profit in this for the Portmans. The last fine was spent on reclothing a 17-stone guest who had fallen into a river while shooting—nothing in the house would fit him and Mrs. Portman had to drive to an Army surplus stores in Newbury to buy something big enough.



Mr. & Mrs. Edward Portman with miniature walkie-talkie sets used to maintain contact between guns and beaters. The wall of the bar behind them is decorated with motor-racing souvenirs. Mr. Portman uses a pair of guns inherited from his grandfather Viscount Portman (a detail of unloading one of these is in the top picture). *Left:* The Portman children Christopher and Claire watch their parents shooting at clay pigeons on the lawn. *Above right:* Mr. George Fidler is Mr. Portman's head forester. The sticks are notched to hold cards which will mark the positions for guns



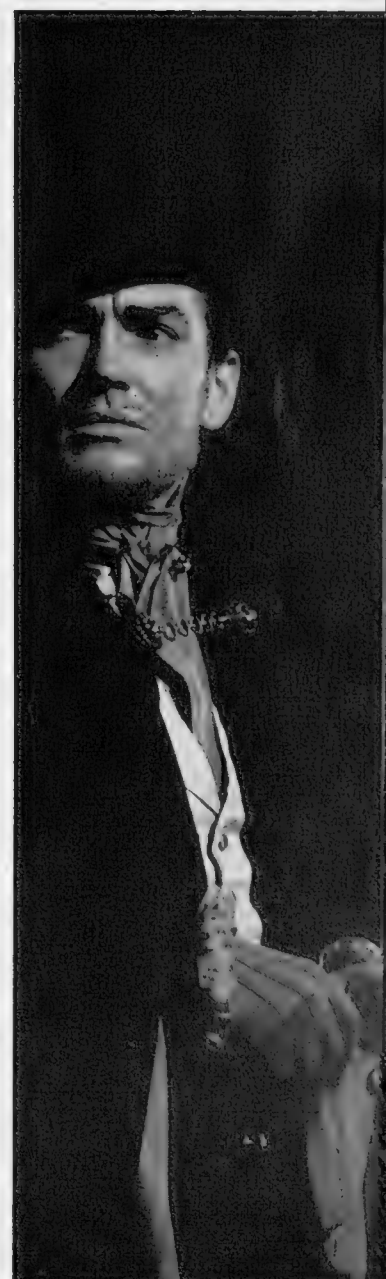
Mrs. Portman preparing the Crowood luncheon speciality—pheasant stew.
Left: Captain Michael Akroyd with his host Mr. Portman at the edge of the wood which yields some of the best shooting on the estate.
Top: Captain Akroyd throws clay pigeons on the lawn, at which Mr. & Mrs. Portman practise shooting

Camelias will be worn

Those with a high intellectual approach to theatre may well express surprise, even dismay, at the continued popularity of *La Dame aux Camélias*. Ever since Alexandre Dumas *fils* turned his novel into a play more than 100 years ago, it has attracted the attention of producers, actresses and audiences. Its secret may be that the story contains so many wish-fulfilments: we see Marguerite Gautier the toast of Parisian society, admired, glittering. This she renounces for a country idyll with her faithful lover Armand Duval. In turn this is renounced—again for love, but this time with high moral overtones. And finally there comes a touching deathbed scene with the lovers reconciled, knowing all, forgiving all.

The title role represents a tremendous challenge for an actress; it is she who will lift the play from a cloying sentimental wallow to a higher plane. It was one of Sarah Bernhardt's great roles, London saw Edwige Feuillère do it in 1955, Vivien Leigh toured Australia in it. Other fascinating exponents have included Greta Garbo in the film, Maria Callas in the operatic version and recently Dame Margot Fonteyn in the ballet.

This month a television version will be broadcast by the B.B.C. Director Rudolph Cartier has assembled a glittering cast headed by Billie Whitelaw who recently took the title roles in *Veronica* and in O'Neill's *Anna Christie* on T.V. Her Armand is John Fraser, and Alexander Knox plays Armand's father. Dennis Price is cast as Varville and Barry Learoyd has designed the play, which has been newly translated by Lucienne Hill.



Pictures show: *Top left:* Dennis Price. *Top right:* John Le Mesurier and Billie Whitelaw. *Centre:* Billie Whitelaw and Vanda Godsell. *Far right:* John Fraser. *Bottom:* Rudolph Cartier and cameraman

PHOTOGRAPHS: MICHAEL PETO

Seen through a lifebelt at the Harbour Master's Office and ship chandler's shop are the three active directors of the company which owns the Penton Hook Yacht Basin, Mr. Bill Hepburn, Mr. John Clayton and Mr. John Chiswell. Penton Hook at Chertsey covers 80 acres of water providing berths for up to 500 craft



The central signpost indicates the comprehensive services available to boat owners. The post stands in one of the car parks where accommodation is on the ratio of 1½ cars for each mooring. Work on the marina began four years ago. It has been designed on American lines with a clubhouse, provision stores and fuelling station



The other monster that we tend to love, the family boat, whether sail or power, has been producing and will increasingly produce parking problems as intransigent as those attending the systematic strangulation by traffic of Britain's great cities. There is a case perhaps now and certainly in the uncomfortably near future for a new Buchanan report on how to keep the small boats moving and where to moor and refit them when the sails are down and the engines silent. The figures after all are already impressive. During the past year some half-million people in this country either went full-dress yachting or messed about in small boats in crowded harbours

and inshore waters to the dismay of increasingly harassed port authorities and harbour masters. In one recent year a near-17,000 boats were registered with the Thames Conservancy; of these more than 7,000 were powered vessels of all sizes whose numbers have frighteningly more than doubled since 1947. Current estimates of United Kingdom yacht production indicate that the figure for craft of 14 foot and over is running at 15,000 a year and this takes no account of the size of the replacement demand.

It is a plain fact these days that anyone contemplating the purchase or building of a boat, however small, should first of all

think about, and indeed make some attempt to secure, a place in which to moor it. Unoccupied mudflats in tidal creeks where a boat can be pulled up have become by now as infrequent as a parking space in a suburban sidestreet after dark. Even a centre like Poole with the second largest natural harbour for small boats in the world faces a problem of overcrowding due to lack of adequate mooring and berthing facilities. This state of affairs is precisely duplicated in most of the centres along the south coast, to an extent in fact that the layman might question the wisdom of building any more boats until the mooring problem has been solved, or at least until viable plans have been made for its solution and, if possible, some token construction put in hand.

Few problems in this country are ever tackled on a national basis until they have grown up to be very big problems indeed but usually along with the problem's

the move

There has always been plenty of water to sail around in but now it's the problem of where to tie up when your ship comes in that chiefly engages the yachtsmen: **John Salt** investigates new parking plans for boats. **Desmond O'Neill** took the pictures

The 15-ton mobile crane lifting a cabin cruiser from the water for a winter overhaul is one of many facilities available for boat owners at Penton Hook. The firm also imports motor cruisers from various parts of the world and is exhibiting some of them at the Boat Show.



The Yacht Basin has been developed over the past four years from the original gravel pit at a cost of £1½ million to become the largest and probably the most modern marina in the country. This deep-water channel was cut through a narrow neck of land between pit and river



growth go the development of certain ideas for its alleviation and these most often come from the persons chiefly involved. This has fortunately been the case among the yachting fraternity, an important section of which now sees the greatest hope for the future in the construction of yacht marinas, artificial harbours in which, to quote one yachting writer, boats can be packed like knives in a cutlery canteen. The idea has its charms, like the name itself, both developed in America.

A fully rigged marina can be seen in London this week. It forms the centrepiece of the 11-acre International Boat

Show at Earls Court, the 10th of its kind to be sponsored by the Daily Express. The organizers are the Ship and Boat Builders' National Federation. The Earls Court marina has a Bahamas setting with suitable palm trees and tropic flora but its chief value lies in demonstrating how the greatest number of boats may be conveniently moored in a restricted space while also providing immediate access to all those amenities that a yacht owner may legitimately enjoy.

The British planner has had to look to Europe and the Americas for the full development of the marina scheme. As basics the marina should offer safe tidal berths with deep-water berths and moorings, a slipway for repairs, a dry yacht hard, a jetty with fuel pumps for power craft and repair services. Texas-type Marinas might

also offer a hotel village, shopping centres, club-houses, chandlers, even cinemas or theatres. The British marina would offer the first essentials, the others might come later though reasons of space, the expense of buying land and even the Briton's propensity for liking to rough it might war against the more grandiose schemes.

But in Britain we start from scratch, there are few existing modern marinas here from which to borrow ideas. The idea itself, at least until recent months, has not been fully accepted by all the interested parties. There has been a deal of haver and wrangle. Even yachtsmen have proved unfriendly and this is not surprising. Obviously it is going to cost more to moor in a marina but how much more has not in all cases been fully established, nor is it certain that the benefits undoubtedly to

to marinas

the move to marinas

be obtained will outweigh the increased overheads. Some yachtsmen feel that the word marina conjures up expensive pictures of bars, flats and other amenities of little use to simple sailors. Others claim that marinas might take over reaches where at present comparatively cheap moorings can already be had and replace them with something far more expensive. Promoters retaliate by claiming that often marinas will be set up on drained land or mudflats which have little other use and they add that marinas will make it possible to provide many yachtsmen with moorings which they might otherwise have to wait years for.

Anything that seems worthwhile to do is by definition difficult to perform and this is certainly a point of view which the promoters must share. Planning permission has often been difficult to obtain, some prospective builders have run into uncompromising opposition on various grounds from local authorities, river boards, and county councils. It has been

said that the National Trust with its plan to buy up large areas of coastline for preservation in its natural state is against the idea of marina development; local residents too have often proved obstructive and successfully defeated plans for a marina in their district.

And yet with so many obstacles, 1964 will be the marina year. It is the word most often on the lips of yachtsmen and of harbour and planning authorities. The idea of the marina has bitten deep and will bite the deeper with the massive pressure of boat-building production. Thamesiders are already fortunate in the possession of the admirable Penton Hook Yacht Basin (see pictures alongside), Newhaven, Birdham Pool (Chichester Harbour) and the Dart are similarly endowed, and under construction or projected in the next twelve months are eighteen new marinas ranging from the Blackwater Estuary development to the oyster village of Brightlingsea. The later built will reap the advantages to be gained from seeing the others in operation.



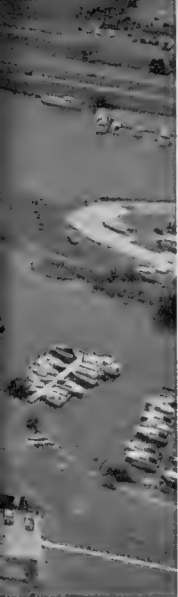
Penton Hook panorama indicates the efficiency with which an otherwise crowded anchorage can successfully be organized. Boats have easy access to the river and their owners to the shore



Above: Harbour Master Mr. George Devonshire checks the moorings of a motor cruiser. The marina can accommodate 500 craft. In summer 400 berths are occupied, in winter 200 with an additional 100 boats kept on hard standing.



Left: one of the cruisers which come to Penton Hook for winter overhaul is sheeted on arrival at the repair yard



Club host Mr. Henry Miller behind the bar at the Penton Hook clubhouse. It is intended that all boat owners with moorings at the marina should automatically become club members. On fine summer weekends some 1,000 owners and friends use the marina



Canadian-born Mr. Bill Hepburn talks about a motor cruiser with a customer interested in the big selection of new and used boats for sale. Eighty-odd craft ranging in price from £168 to £10,750 are on show and the Hepburn Yacht Company which runs the sales service are also agents for many of the world's leading craft



Right: the Penton Hook refuelling point also services vehicles on the landward side; station attendant is Mr. Bob Moon.



Above right: Mr. John Chiswell, administrative director of the Penton Hook Yacht Basin Co. Ltd., looks out over the hundreds of boats at their winter moorings



what the yachtsmen say

MR. HAMMOND INNES, author and traveller

"No question, they will come . . . the marina is to the yacht what the garage is to the car and the pressures that will produce them are the same—sheer weight of numbers. But what kind of marina? Most deep sea sailing men would rather swing to a mooring. The hospitable Dutch always manage somehow to cram the ocean racing fleet into the Royal Maas basin at the end of the Hook race. But then we are all of the same breed. This is true, too, of the crowded "trots" at Cowes, but to come in from a long sea passage and be forced to shoulder one's way in amongst a lot of week-ending motor craft . . . ! Marinas, regarded as property development, can hardly be profitable in our tidal waters without botels, bars, etc. This means ruining some of the few remaining stretches of unspoiled estuary. And since sailing boats tend to be deeper and less easily manoeuvrable (especially when short-crewed) than power boats it would seem reasonable that, where possible, the two types of craft should be catered for separately. Ideally, power boats should be in marinas and sailing craft on moorings. This is not a problem that affects me at the moment, for my own Mary Deare is now at Malta. But what happens when we bring her back to home waters? There is talk of a marina in the Blackwater and another at Harwich—perhaps these will draw off enough boats from our East Coast estuaries to enable me to get back on to my old mooring in the Deben!"

THE HON. MAX AITKEN, director and chairman of board, Beaverbrook Newspapers

"There is an immense interest in marinas amongst yachtsmen. Swinging moorings in the popular rivers and ports are booked up for years ahead and there is just not enough room for potential boatowners. Therefore, marinas must come soon because the momentum in

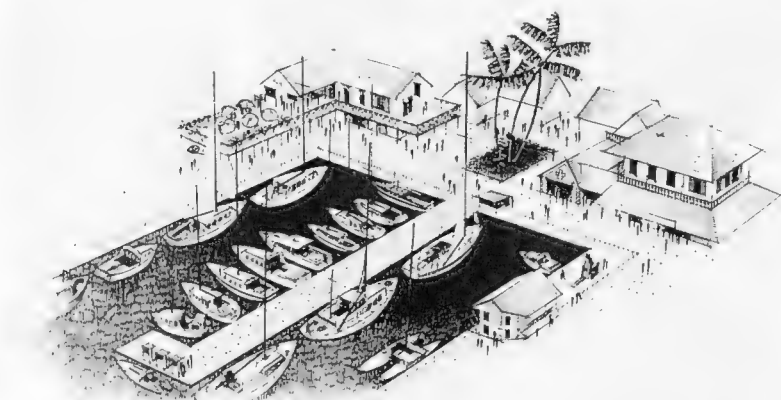
boating will not cease for many years yet. The layout of a typical marina can be seen at this year's Boat Show. Marinas can be made to look most attractive and should not deter local inhabitants from supporting them. The ideal marinas would be those established in existing ports, such as Poole, Southampton, Portsmouth, the Hamble River and Chichester, mentioning only a small, but most important, area of the South Coast."

MR. R. T. PAGET, Q.C., M.P. (Lab.) for Northampton

"I regard marinas as a second best, necessitated by the absence of sufficient moorings. All the best anchorages on the South Coast are now full of moorings, and I believe that much could be done for the pleasure of fellow-yachtsmen if the owners of moorings would leave a note on them stating the date when they would be returning and making visitors welcome until then."

SIR EGBERT CADBURY, managing director, Cadbury Bros & J. S. Fry

"I am very pleased indeed to see the increasing interest that is being taken in yacht marinas and the various schemes being put forward to station them in various ports around the coast, particularly the South. Due to the congestion on the roads more and more people are enjoying the freedom that the seas give either in sailing boats or power boats and, generally speaking, the only adverse factor is the lack of port and mooring facilities. The establishment of yacht marinas is the answer to this problem. Not only do they provide much-needed moorings in our overcrowded harbours but also refuelling and re-victualling facilities which are very important if a yachtsman is really to enjoy his holiday at sea. If he can feel sure that once he puts into port he will be able to find a safe place to tie up his boat and from which it will be easy to get ashore,



Above: how the Americans do it, the yacht marina at Seattle.
Top: the marina of a dream, a drawing of the centre-piece at the International Boat Show at Earls Court

Above: another American version, accommodation for deep-sea yachts at the Newport Marina in California. Top: a model of the development scheme for Bron-y-mor in Merionethshire, Wales

this just makes all the difference to a holiday at sea. I am sure there is a tremendous future for these yacht marinas as the more anchorages there are and the greater the ease of a yachtsman being able to spend a night or two comfortably and secure in harbour, the more it will do to encourage people to take their holidays on the water. I have visited quite a number of marinas myself and fully appreciate what a boon they are and how essential their extension both in numbers and size is. I hope that those which are already planned will soon be put into operation and the very success of these will encourage others in providing these facilities to build marinas around the coast. In my view we cannot have too many of them and they should bring increasing trade to the towns near them."

MR. VERNON STRATTON, company director

"Yes I do think marinas are a good idea, essential in fact since it is becoming increasingly difficult to get moorings. Many people want to use their boat as a seaside cottage, they need somewhere to park the car, buy food and so on. But marinas should be put near the sea, not at the wrong end of the harbour where there are enough boats parked already. I would rather see boats in marinas than rows and rows in moorings; this also gives space in the harbour. Take Chichester for example, when the only time you can take a dinghy out in comfort is in the winter because so many boats are moored there. People will have to face up to the increased cost but I think the trend is such that people will pay for the greater ease and convenience of marinas. They have got to come and the main thing is to get the right people interested so that they are artistically designed and sited—not just speculators doing it. Perhaps the Royal Yacht Association should set up a committee to look into it."

MR. JOHN FISHER, journalist and author

"Some artificial yacht harbours may be more useful than the mud-flats they will replace, but the danger is that they will (1) draw the crowds (2) obstruct the view of the water (3) clog the waters themselves (4) increase the cost of sailing to the point even of attracting the tax-collector (5) encourage comfort-loving motor yachtsmen who drive hideously in hideous-looking gin-palace boats (6) discourage yachtsmen who prefer time at sea to herd-life ashore."

MR. BRYAN ANDREWS, director of a leading firm of yacht chandlers and brokers

"I think there is no doubt of the widespread interest in marinas among yachtsmen. The congestion on the South and East coasts, where the main yachting centres are to be found, has reached a critical stage, and the impending provision of marinas at Chichester and Poole has not come a moment too soon. The subject is one in which Lord Merthyr, President of the Saundersfoot Sailing Club, takes a keen interest. He loses no opportunity to extol the wisdom of many foreign governments, notably in Spain and Greece where he has cruised extensively, in catering for yachtsmen by providing first-class harbours. Although neither of these countries is either large or wealthy, they have spent considerable sums on these facilities. I share Lord Merthyr's views that our Government would be well advised to contribute generously to the cost of providing marinas in suitable localities. Plans recently published for a marina on the Blackwater Estuary in Essex, would go a long way to taking care of the South-East coast. With the new marinas at Chichester and Poole, and the existing ones on the Dart and Fal, the South coast should be adequately catered for. With the growing popularity of the Bristol Channel, and in particular Milford Haven, as yachting

centres, there is great need for a marina to supplement the existing harbours, most of which are tidal. Obvious location for this would be somewhere in the deep sheltered waters of Milford Haven. There can be no doubt as to the virtues of marinas in respect of port and mooring amenities, because there is practically no such thing as a harbour devoted exclusively to the special needs of yachts. Most started off as commercial or fishing harbours, and few provide really suitable mooring or berthing facilities. Nor, in most instances, do they offer the really good shelter required by a yacht. They also leave much to be desired in such matters as access, car and dinghy parking facilities, the proximity of such services as water and fuel, storage ashore for gear, and so forth."

MR. HUGH CUDLIPP, Chairman of Daily Mirror Newspapers Ltd.

"Marinas, especially for the South Coast of England, are the big talking point among yachtsmen and the motor cruising fraternity. The facilities we are offered with the utmost generosity on cross-Channel journeys to France, Belgium and Holland sometimes put us to shame in this country. And, of course, there is an appalling shortage of moorings—even temporary—among the South Coast water inlets. With marina facilities for mooring, fuelling, eating and showering, the South Coast would swiftly expand as a tourist attraction for Continental yachtsmen. The vital point, don't forget, is late-night meals in the Clubhouse—restaurants that compare in cuisine with those of the tiniest North French ports. Britain will really have arrived in the expanding boating world when we have a marina in the Thames as near to the centre of London as possible."

marina miscellany

OPERATIONAL NOW:

Penton Hook Yacht Basin, River Thames.
Newhaven, *unlocked marina with 24-ft. tidal range.*
Birdham Pool, Chichester Harbour, *locked marina.*
Dart Marina.

NOW BUILDING OR PROJECTED:

Vernon's Pool, Chichester Harbour.
Calshot Spit, Southampton. *Proposed by Hants County Council to develop as a sailing centre. Agreement yet to be reached with Southampton Water Board.*
Stokes Bay, Gosport. *Awaiting result of town planning inquiry.*
Sheppey Marina. *Outline planning approval received.*
Fort Picklecumbe, Plymouth, *now building.*
King's Quay Marina, Isle of Wight. *Planning permission refused but developer will appeal.*
Poole Marina.
Eastney Marina, Portsmouth. *Under consideration by the City of Portsmouth.*
Hamble Marina.
Brightlingsea, near Colchester. *Planning application submitted.*
Harwich. *Development approval from Transport Ministry awaited.*
Whitstable, Kent. *Outline planning permission being sought.*
Bexhill-on-Sea. *Scheme submitted to local planning commission.*
Eastbourne Marina.
Brownsea Island (Poole Harbour).
Blackwater Estuary. *Planning permission being sought.*
Abergele, Denbighshire.
Shotley, Suffolk. *Planning permission awaited.*



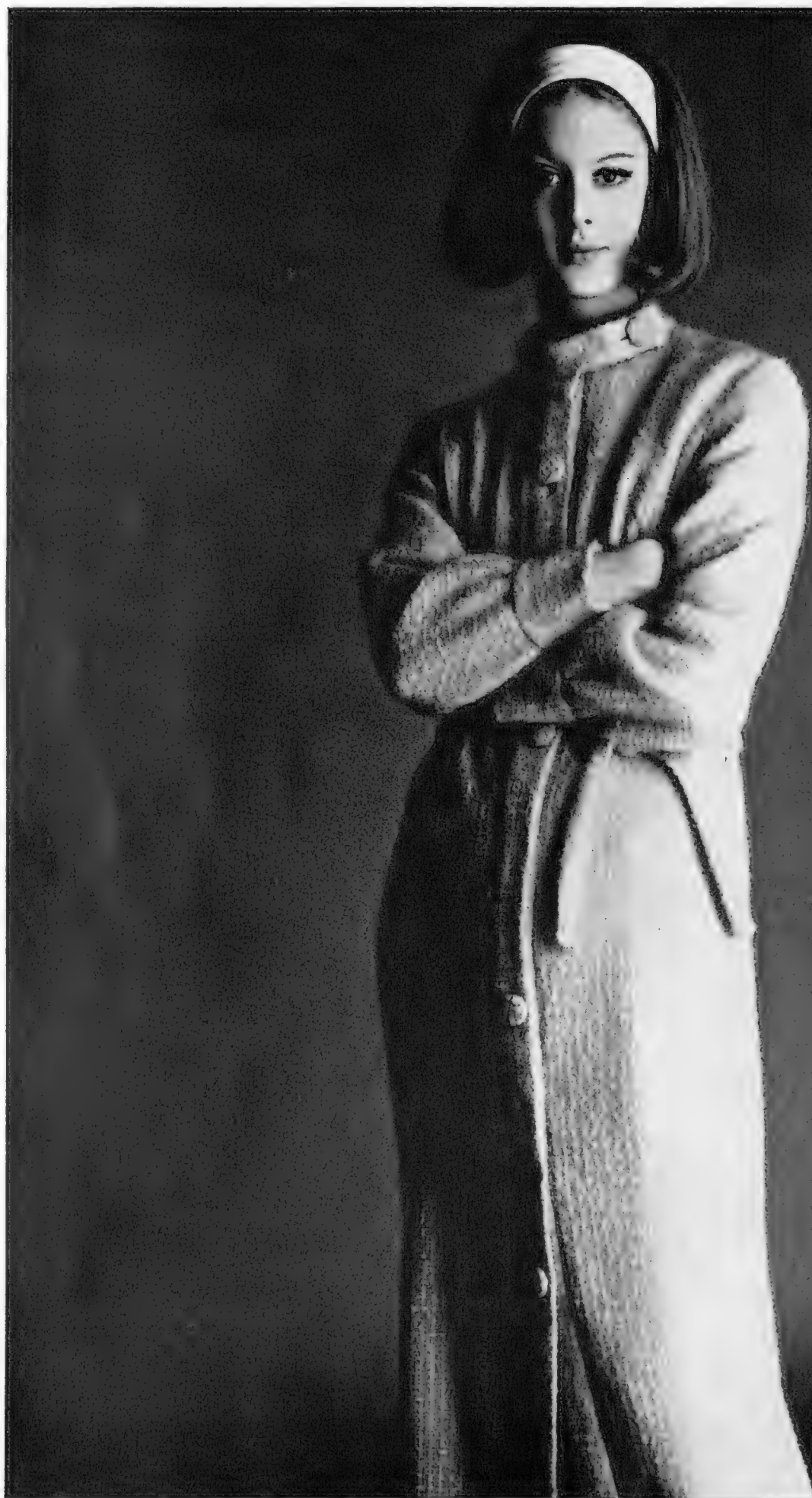
anti-freeze mixture

Start thinking warm—it's high time. Think of sweaters in mohair, in wool, in all those rich and glowing colours. Think of furs—red hot fox, smooth glossy coney—think of mink. Then think of fleecy jackets, snug stockings and fur-lined boots. That way you'll achieve the kind of anti-freeze mixture featured here by Unity Barnes and guaranteed to beat the winter's worst. Photographs by Johnny Moncada and Norman Eales

Think legs: (left) the warmest are encased in thick stockings—these are olive green, diamond-patterned in white, 21s. 6d. at Harrods. Suede chukka boots laced with black leather, 8½ gns. at Charles Jourdan. Cornelian-studded gilt bangle by Jewelcraft, 25s. at Bourne & Hollingsworth. **Think insulation plus:** (below) Bernat Klein mohair tunic flecked in anthracite and tan worn as a double with a matching grey ribbed sweater dress. £28 9s. at Wallis Shops, Oxford Street. Black lucca lamb hat by Dolores-Glamour, £3 19s. 6d. at Harrods. Gloves by Miloré.



Think sleepy: dressing gown in sugar pink mohair is pretty enough to have breakfast in, warm enough to wear all evening. 18 gns. at Liberty.



Think lazy: stay-at-home sweater woven in orchid-pink featherweight mohair. By Ascher, 17 gns. at Chic of Hampstead; Cadogan Postal Service. Cherry-red stretch pants by Gor-Ray, £3 1s. 6d. at the Gor-Ray Shop, John Barker





Think snowbound: snuggle-bunny coat in cream and tawny brown coney half-belted at the back. £33 at the Army & Navy Stores. White socks from a selection at Dickins & Jones. Donkey suede shoes with chunky stacked heels, by Silvia of Fiorentina, 9½ gns. at Russell & Bromley. **Think luxury** (right): jacket with a high, wind-proof collar in blonde Saga Dawn Pastel mink. 585 gns. at London Hilton Furs. Natural blonde Scottish tweed skirt by Daks, 8½ gns. at Simpson





Think foxy: waistcoat in thick red cross-fox with fly-fronted fastening. By Fabian Mayfair, £45 at Tamara Suede Boutique; Ben Pearson, Huddersfield; Isabel Ltd., Birmingham. Brown cashmere sweater with crew neck by Pringle, £9 15s. 0d. at Simpson, Piccadilly. Mahogany wool stretch pants £3 10s. at the Gor-Ray Shop, John Barker. Black leather boots with jersey tops, 10 gns. at Charles Jourdan



Think sporty:
fleece Sherpa
jacket in scarlet
Acrilan has
deep pockets,
half belt.
By Miss
Dorville, 16 gns.
at Harvey
Nichols. Black
and white
sponge bag
check trousers,
£3 17s. at the
Gor-Ray Shop,
John Barker



Think country:
thick outdoor
sweater in
Bernat Klein
wool, flecked
in camel,
donkey, cream
and blue. 9 gns.
at Liberty.
Bright pink
scarf by
Richard Allan,
29s. 11d. at
Dickins &
Jones.
String-backed
gloves by
Fownes

TIN CAN ALLEY



COUNTER SPY
BY
ELIZABETH
WILLIAMSON

The working man's mug has been lifted from the caff and given a smart marbled finish or a bright palette of colours outside. Its workmanlike qualities remain—great insulating properties, unbreakable good looks. The colours come from a sophisticated nursery—bright inky blue, lemon rind yellow, dark mandarin orange.

Left: blue on white marbled coffee pot, 18s. Curvy waisted urn, marbled too, 22s. Plain orange mug, 6s. Marbled yellow bowl on base, 5s. Plain lemon soup bowl, 6s. 6d.

Centre front: marbled ashtray, lemon peel on white, 6d. Lamplighting the background is a dark-orange lacquered metal lamp with a milk-white glass globe, 19 gns. at Woollands.

Everything else in this picture by Goods & Chattels at Dodo, Westbourne Grove; Abacus, Dunmow. The General Trading Company has the marbled version only. All prices approximate.

The marbled version is cheaper because the tin is thinner.

on plays

REAL TIGERS AT THE GATES OF ROME

Though the production of *Coriolanus* at the Nottingham Playhouse was one of the best that I have seen, the theatre itself provided the talking-point of the evening, as a totally new theatre in our own days always must. In shape the exterior is unconventional: a strongly curved, partly glass-walled section which contains the auditorium, and a taller rectangle inside which the stage and the "flown" scenery reside. In the wide halls with their open bars set against the outer walls and plenty of space for the old-world and friendly business of promenading, there are vast murals in cast aluminium on which nails and boltlike objects cast shadows as vital as the sculpture itself. Colour here is the silvery-grey of birch; in the heart of the theatre it is brighter and the semicircles of seats rise by degrees which allow every member of the audience to have a clear sight of the stage. And the seats themselves are

comfortable.

The effect is of a theatre, light and attractive but primarily dedicated to the business of communication between actors and audience—and that is to my mind a triumph of design.

And so to the play. Sir Tyrone Guthrie has said that there is no one in *Coriolanus* whom one can unreservedly love and admire. But as its producer in this instance he must also have seen how much more subtle a play that makes it. Coriolanus himself in his intransigent pride and aristocratic disdain of the rabble; Volumnia, his ambitious, implacable, warrior-hearted mother; and Aufidius, leader of the enemy Volscians, with whom Coriolanus has the most intense of love-hate relationships: all these are characters who demand not sympathy but some measure of comprehension. They are tigers in their way but they are real and Shakespeare's preoccupation with them can never have been

to make them endearing but positive figures. Menenius alone, as what would now be described as a father-figure, rouses some note of warmth, but it is clear that it is not with tolerance on any level that the play is concerned, and Coriolanus progresses through triumph, rejection, a second, alien triumph, and assassination on his own chosen terms.

In the title role Mr. John Neville is quite admirable: martial, impulsive, proud and unyielding except in rare instances with the fatherly Menenius or when his mother gambles on his deep devotion to her—and loses only once. That once, as we know, is when she and the old man have counselled him to proceed mildly in his dealings with the people. He, though greatly unwilling, has agreed and, within minutes, is caught up in a blaze of wrath and contempt which ends in his banishment from Rome. For whatever one's reservations about this character, Coriolanus is the hero and the focal point of the whole play and nothing is moved except by him or through him. It is in consequence a most onerous part to play and, in my view, Mr. Neville acquits himself nobly.

Mr. Leo McKern's Menenius, which suffered a little at first from inaudibility, partly from having to deliver at least one speech with his back to the audience, grows in stature through the play, and this in spite of his being inscrutably dressed as Mr. Pickwick. His final scene with Coriolanus in the Volscian camp before Rome is a masterly piece of acting and so are his kindly, cautious interpolations into such dramatic moments as the forum scene in which John Neville magnificently delivers the speech that ends:

"... Despising,
For you, the city, thus I turn my
back: There is a world elsewhere."

As Volumnia, Miss Dorothy Reynolds is nothing short of superb and her diction faultless. Mr. Ian McKellen, in the part of the loved enemy, Aufidius, shows a strength that may soon develop into brilliance and, in the latter scenes is a worthy foil to John Neville's commanding Coriolanus. Sir Tyrone's production, at its worst and most facetious in the early scenes, rises to the climaxes grandly, and some of the small scenes, such as the duel between the two leading figures, are unforgettable. All in all, an evening to remember.

In Sir Tyrone Guthrie's production of *Coriolanus* at the new Nottingham Playhouse, John Neville (left) plays the title role. Here he embraces the young Martius (Peter Deakes) watched by his mother (Dorothy Reynolds)



MORRIS NEWCOMBE

on films

FROM BOSTON TO ROME WITH DIALECTICS

There are no baseball-playing priests and no bicycle-riding nuns in Mr. Otto Preminger's film, **The Cardinal**—and only one elderly Oirish Monsignor (Mr. Cecil Kellaway) to remind us of the sentimental days of the late Mr. Barry Fitzgerald, Mr. Bing Crosby, "Too Ra Loo Ra Loo Ral" and all that. It covers straightforwardly (or at least with no more concessions to the American brand of sentimentality than a shrewd European might be excused for making with box-office returns in mind) 23 years in the life of a Boston-born Roman Catholic priest, from his ordination to his appointment as Cardinal. I found all three hours of it absorbing, entertaining—and provocative.

Mr. Preminger, it seems to me, has been wonderfully clever. Here's a film that will appeal to non-Catholics and Catholics alike, for different reasons. Mr. Preminger was awarded the highest honour the Church gives non-Catholics—The Grand Cross of Merit from the Roman Catholic Order of the Sepulchre in Rome—and has received warm applause for his work from several Cardinals, who wholeheartedly approved of it. Perhaps it takes a non-Catholic like my-

self to read into it certain implied criticisms of the Church. Anyway, the film struck me as containing much food for argument.

Mr. Tom Tryon, a young priest ordained in Rome, returns to Boston in 1917, to find his intellectual aspirations (encouraged by his Cardinal friend at the Vatican, Signor Raf Vallone) are frowned upon by his local superior (that cosy Mr. Kellaway). Perhaps even more distressing is the fact that his beloved sister, Miss Carol Lynley, is in love with a Jew, Mr. John Saxon. As Mr. Tryon fails to convert this eminently sympathetic chap to Catholicism, the young priest feels it his duty to forbid the marriage. For this Miss Lynley cannot forgive her brother: she leaves home (and the Church) and goes to rack and ruin via a honky-tonk joint.

Mr. John Huston (rumple-faced director turned actor) gives a remarkable and telling performance as Cardinal Glennon, head of the Boston Diocese, as arrogant a man as any who ever preached the gospel of humility. Mr. Tryon makes the mistake of showing him a book he is writing on religious theory. Mr. Huston rebukes him for his unseemly ambition

and banishes him to a remote and impoverished parish, to take him down a peg or two. When Mr. Tryon has learnt, the hard way, about humility, the Cardinal decides he is worthy of preferment. He will make him his secretary and take him to Rome.

Before they leave, Mr. Tryon is confronted with a painful problem. His darling sister is having a baby (out of wedlock) and since the birth is a difficult one, the priest is asked to decide whether her doctor should try to save the life of the mother or the child. Mr. Tryon abides by the ruling of his Church, and Miss Lynley dies. Shattered, the priest doubts his vocation and takes a year's leave to think things over.

As a language teacher in Vienna, still bound by his vows, Mr. Tryon meets fetching Fraulein Romy Schneider and is tempted (and what a temptress she is!) to marry her, but at the last moment (and rather cruelly, I thought) he drops her and returns to Rome, to become a Monsignor and a member of the Papal Diplomatic Corps. Though the general policy of the Corps seems to be one of non-intervention where foreign powers are concerned, Mr. Tryon travels to Lamar, Georgia, to see if he can help a persecuted Negro Roman Catholic community there. He is given a hideous beating-up by the Ku Klux Klan, but brings a case against these monsters and scores one tiny (rather

dubious) point for humanity.

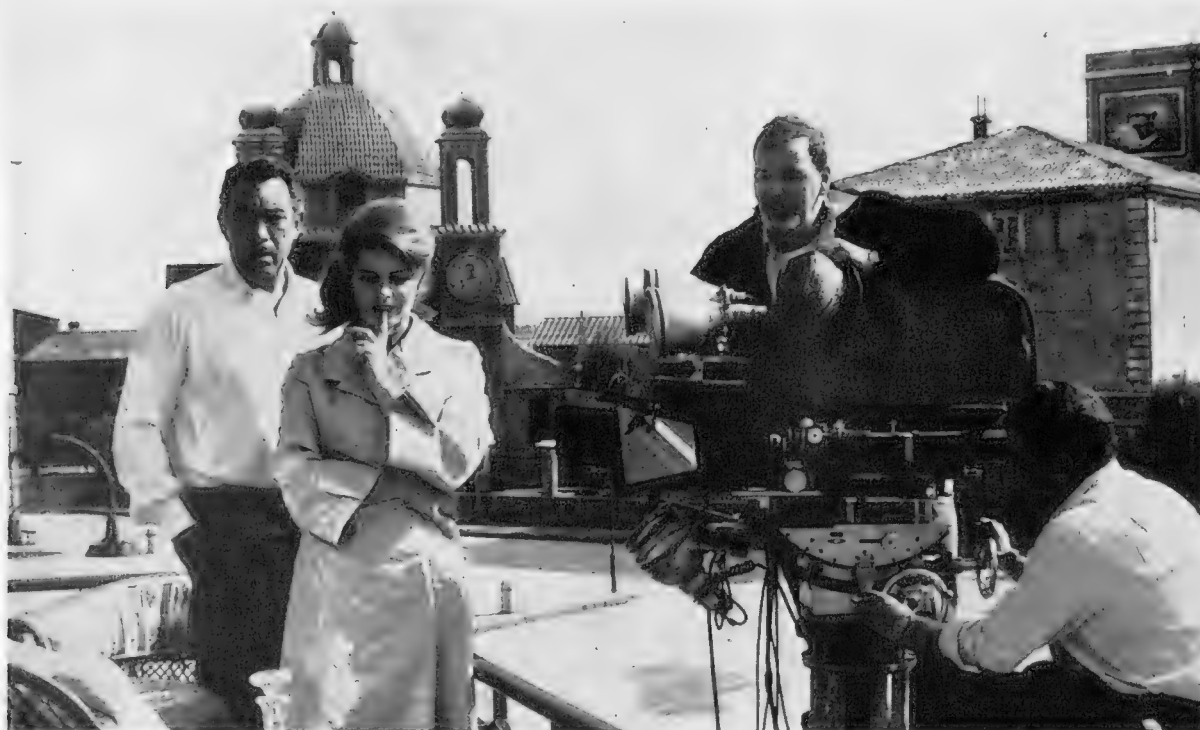
By the time Hitler is taking over Austria, Mr. Tryon has been made a Bishop. He is sent to Vienna to express the Vatican's displeasure with Cardinal Innitzer (Herr Josef Meinrad), who had the church bells merrily rung in welcome when the Nazis entered the city. The Cardinal defends his conciliatory gesture—he was only trying to protect Roman Catholics. "Do you want to see Catholics scrubbing the sidewalks, like Jews?" he asks—(a fairly damning little question, I'd say). He soon realizes (and high time, too) that the Nazis are not to be trusted: he denounces Hitler, and ferocious religious riots break out.

Inevitably, in Vienna Mr. Tryon runs into Fraulein Schneider. She is pro-Nazi but has made the mistake of marrying a charming Jew (Herr Peter Weck). Rather than fall into the hands of the Gestapo her husband commits suicide. Fraulein S. is arrested on a trumped-up charge. Mr. Tryon visits her in prison, but she is too disillusioned to care.

His experiences of intolerance, here and there, seem to have had their effect on the priest, for at the formidable ceremony where he is created a Cardinal Mr. Tryon speaks up in favour of religious and political freedom—and though I rather gathered his words were addressed to his homeland, America, it is heartening to think they were so enthusiastically received in Rome.

To what extent Mr. Preminger has adapted the late Mr. Henry Morton Robinson's novel to suit his own purposes I can't say, but, with its lovely authentic backgrounds, rich photography and excellent acting, this is a handsome film and I wish it every success.

Based, rather precariously, on Mr. T. H. White's engagingly cranky book, **The Sword in the Stone**, is Mr. Walt Disney's latest full-length feature cartoon—reminiscent in technique of his early work, not a patch on *One Hundred and One Dalmatians* to my mind, but doubtless just the job for the kiddywinks all the same. This rum version of the early part of the Arthurian legend has Merlin, a fuddy-duddy Wizard, educating a nice little boy named Wart (the young Arthur, *really*) by turning him into a fish, a squirrel and a bird—thus (obscurely) preparing him for the role of King. Archimedes, a crusty Owl, is sweet—and Mad Madam Mim, a wicked Witch, is the most hilarious of Mr. Disney's recent creations.



What will possibly be one of the most interesting films of 1964 is currently being made in Rome. This is the screen version of Friedrich Duerrenmatt's play *The Visit*, a suspense drama which begins when Karla Zachanassian, the world's richest woman, returns to her home town after 20 years. Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne played it with great success in London, and in the film these parts will be taken by Anthony Quinn and Ingrid Bergman, seen here on location with director Bernhard Wicki



A dash of the unexpected always lifts a show from the pleasant to the joyous. Director Clifford Williams has done this many times in *The Comedy of Errors* at the Aldwych and in no scene more than the one shown above. Here Antipholus of Ephesus (Ian Richardson, *left*) is taken to a doctor to cure his alleged madness. With hardly any justification from the text Mr. Williams makes the doctor (Pinch, played by Derek Smith) into a raving Welsh magician, providing a moment of sheer madness.

Unexpected in a different way is the prospect of seeing *Around the World in 80 Days* on ice . . . but here it is (*left*) balloon and all, at the Empire Pool, Wembley. Jinx Clark is Princess Aouda. The show derives largely from Michael Todd's famous film but Jules Verne lurks in the background as the basic inspiration. Totally expected—and who would complain about that—is the return of *Treasure Island* to the Mermaid. Peter Bayliss (*right*, with parrot) is Long John Silver alternating the role with Joss Ackland



THE HOLIDAY SHOWS

PHOTOGRAPHS: MORRIS NEWCOMBE

on books

CONDITIONAL DISCHARGE

Previous Convictions (Hamish Hamilton 30s.) is a collection of Cyril Connolly's newspaper and magazine articles over the last 10 years, and like everything Mr. Connolly has ever written, it turns one into a nag and a scold. Connolly on lemons, food, French literature, underwater swimming, his own sentimental past, dining with the famous, rather grand romantic travel ("I remember vividly the glass furniture—coloured glass with brocade covers—that Mr. John Richardson had installed in Mr. Douglas Cooper's château near the Pont du Gard, and which had come via the auction room from the Villa Rosebery at Naples where it had been acquired from the Villa Palagonia outside Palermo; the prettiest furniture I had ever seen")—we know it all so well by now that any further writing on these subjects runs a fearful risk of self-parody—from one of the most brilliant parodists in the business.

Why, we think churlishly, does Mr. Connolly spend time reviewing other people's books, when what we need is more books written by him (no one is more aware of this, clearly, than Mr. Connolly himself, who piles up guilt, remorse and self-criticism in a manner altogether special and idiosyncratic.) At the same time,

nobody gives more pleasure, nobody affords a reader greater opportunities for laughter, or irritation, or admiration, or loss of temper. We couldn't manage without Mr. Connolly, and I welcome any book from him rather than none, though sometimes, ungratefully, one wonders how much longer we can all summon up the proper enthusiasm for those Florentine breakfasts of hot chocolate and saffron scrambled eggs, to be followed inevitably by "a message from Harold Acton and an invitation from Osbert Sitwell, both of whom hold through the present the keys to the past."

Soon, soon there must come a close season for books about Lawrence of Arabia and George Bernard Shaw. The newest Shaw book is called **The Loves of George Bernard Shaw**—not a title to give much confidence—by C. G. L. Du Cann (Arthur Barker 30s.) and seems to me fairly vulgar, sensational and written in the style of a school essay on a night when the weight of homework was overwhelming ("Trained from earliest infancy to the stage, Ellen soon won all hearts, and attained the unique topmost place in her profession.") The odd thing was to choose such a theme for a full-length book, since Shaw's relationships with women seem to have been

mostly either conducted on paper or based on pretence, and the sum total of them adds up to a boredom out of which nobody emerges too well. There are some stunning photographs of Shaw's ladies, including a ravishing one of the alarming Mrs. Besant as a girl. The book includes Shaw's *amitié tendre* with E. Nesbit, nothing odder than which can be imagined. Fortunately it had no visible effect on *Five Children and It*.

Suicide of a Nation? (alarming title, hopeful question-mark, as Mr. Koestler puts it) is, I suppose, for everyone who missed the "enquiry into the state of Britain today" issue of *Encounter*, or feels that a magazine is a fatally frail thing and needs these essays between hard covers. (They cost 25s. in Hutchinson's bound edition, which is rather more expensive, but enthusiasts aren't going to object to that.) Mr. Koestler, in linking and introducing the essays, has invented all sorts of lovely things, such as the Old Struthonian (from *struthio*, the Latin for ostrich) and the momiphant (part mimosa, part elephant.) He also comes up with some splendidly idiomatic sentences which have haunted me ever since I first puzzled over them ("... in this free and kind country it would be most unfair to prevent anybody from hitting as far below the belt as he can stoop to conquer.") With one notably cool exception, the essays are plaintive, anxious, sometimes rather weepy, and give an oddly dowdy impression, like a sad complaining middle-aged lady

in the rain wearing a hat that never did much for her even when new.

Briefly . . . Confusions by Jack Ludwig (Secker & Warburg 21s.) is a highly mannered, maddening, affected and nevertheless enormously enjoyable novel about a Jewish graduate from Harvard and his trials in life. Mr. Ludwig lectures in English at New York State University. The book is sourly funny, disabused and insanely energetic. I liked it . . . **The Run of Night** (W. H. Allen 18s.) is an odd nightmarish fantasy by Peter de Polnay—who somehow gives the impression of writing half-a-dozen books a year—about a runaway wife who suddenly comes to the conclusion her husband plans to kill her . . . **A Private Life** by Molly Izzard is an agreeable sharpish book about what it is like to be married to a foreign correspondent (Faber 21s.) . . . **Like Birds Like Fishes** (John Murray 15s.) is a collection of ironic, sad-funny Indian stories by R. Praver Jhabvala, the Polish wife of an Indian architect, delicately written and charming . . . and **The Cat Owner's Encyclopaedia** by Brian Vesey Fitzgerald (Pelham Books 21s.) is a super book that includes facts on Homing-Power, Pseudo-Pregnancy, and the advisability of feeding cats with chicken heads ("Worldly cats think chicken heads heaven") On the jacket is a very worldly long-haired white cat, obviously crammed with chicken heads and frowning in a hostile and grumpy manner.

ROBERT WRAIGHT

on galleries

NO BLACKS, BUT PRETTY DARK

The thousands of words already written about the Royal Academy's unprecedented **Goya and his Times** exhibition can have left no doubt in anyone's mind that this is a "must" for everyone who cares not only for art but for humanity. Only one note of criticism has been sounded—that the exhibition, through no fault of the Academy, does not cover adequately (in fact scarcely covers at all) the darker and most powerful side of Goya's art. Many critics regretted, in particular, the absence of the so-called Black Paintings, and

did not conceal their suspicions of the Spanish authorities' refusal to lend the pictures on the grounds that they were physically unfit to travel.

For those who may have been puzzled by the repeated, ominous references to the Black Paintings a hint of their terrifying nature is to be found in some of the smaller works at the Academy and, more particularly, in the exhibition **The Graphic Work of Goya** now at the British Museum. This remarkable exhibition, a vitally important complement to the Academy's

show, includes almost all Goya's etchings (in fact only one, of which only one print exists, is missing) and lithographs and 47 drawings. All but a dozen of the hundreds of prints are from the collection of Mr. Tomás Harris (whose two-volume *catalogue raisonné Goya Engravings and Lithographs*, is to be published shortly). The drawings, which have been lent by the Prado, are all preparatory works for etchings and are here displayed alongside those etchings for the first time.

The technically-minded are invited to make comparisons not only between drawings and etchings but also between different states of the same etching, and to study Goya's methods which (like Picasso's in more recent times) were unorthodox and enlarged the

range of the medium to meet his fantastic demands. The ordinary visitor will be wise (at least on his first visit) to ignore the technical aspect and give himself wholly to the tremendous emotional experiences of the four great series, *Los Caprichos*, *Los Desastres de la Guerra*, *La Tauromaquia* and *Los Proverbios*.

In the 80 *Caprichos*, made between 1797 and 1799 when he was 53, he symbolised by means of powerful and often frightening imagery the universal foibles, vanities and villainies of the Society of his time. Advertising them for sale (without much success) in the *Madrid Daily News* he described them as "a critical analysis of errors and vices." In addition to a title for each plate he gave a commentary to make sure the point was taken.

No such commentary was necessary for the *Disasters of War*, made more than a decade later. Into those 80 plates he compressed the full fury and rage, the hatred and, sometimes, compassion, the nightmare horror and the nauseating terror that he experienced during the Peninsular War. As an *exposé* of man's inhumanity to man there is nothing in the whole history of art remotely approaching them. But for the revelations of Belsen and Auschwitz, the monstrous cruelties and bestiality they

depict must have remained incredible to our generation. To them it was enough to give the most simple titles. *Why?* he wrote under a picture of three French soldiers strangling a Spaniard. *What more can be done?* he asks as three more hack a naked man to pieces. And then, a few sickening plates later, *This is still worse.*

After the *Disasters* the *Tauromaquia*, in which he illustrates the early history of bullfighting and the mad exploits of some contemporary *toreros*, comes as something of a relief, though the scenes he

shows are often horrifying enough. From some of the latter it might be, and has been, supposed that Goya was critically opposed to bullfighting; but this seems very unlikely since he is reputed to have boasted all his life that he had been a bullfighter as a young man. He certainly drew the subject with the understanding of a great *aficionado* and it inspired him to produce some of the most daringly "modern" compositions (look, for instance, at the *Dreadful events in the front rows of the ring at Madrid, and death of*

the Mayor of Torrejon, in which the whole action is packed into the bottom right quarter of the plate) in the whole of his work.

In *Los Proverbios* he returned with a vengeance to the subjects of the *Caprichos*. Like the Black Paintings, with which he decorated the walls of his country house, the "house of the deaf man" as the locals called it, they belong to a period of extreme depression which nevertheless inspired fantastic, if gloomy, flights of imagination which it is impossible for us to follow.

J. ROGER BAKER

on opera

KATERINA AMONG THE PIGEONS

It was quite clear from the following day's press that only a few commentators knew what to say about the production of Dmitri Shostakovich's opera *Katerina Ismailova* at Covent Garden. The critical pigeons fluffed their feathers and concentrated on either the bedroom scenes or the work's political history. The opera was a great success in Russia after its first performances in 1934, but in 1935 *Pravda* condemned the work, which was not played again in Russia until recently, then under a new title and with certain musical revisions. Covent Garden is giving the work its first stage performances in this country.

Its story is basically as good as, if not better than, those of many operas. *Katerina Lvovna Ismailova* is the wife of a rich merchant in the Mtsensk district. Bored, she takes a workman as a lover, murders her father-in-law and helps in the killing of her husband. The lovers marry, but their crimes are discovered and they are sent to Siberia. There the workman takes up with a convict woman whom *Katerina* kills before drowning herself. The opera is interspersed with satirical comment on bourgeois society and ends with a feeling of the pointlessness of everything.

There are two ways of making this story palatable. One is to show *Katerina* as a pathetic victim of circumstances, following her emotional impulses.

Shostakovich has opted for the alternative: to try and make his heroine an intrinsically tragic figure, a *Medea* or a *Cleopatra* (in Shakespeare's reading). Her justification must lie in her music (as *Cleopatra's* in her poetry) just as the music (to drag in another comparison) can be the only reason why audiences blandly stomach the horrors of *Tosca*.

The music for *Katerina* left this pigeon deafened and defeated; defeated not by any particularly complex writing or unfamiliar terms of reference (they are only too familiar: Mahler, Strauss among them), but by its apparent failure to reflect the emotional impulses the characters *ought* to be projecting. To justify *Katerina* her music should surge with repressed emotion. Instead we get drawn-out sentimentalizing. An important part of the opera's construction lies—like *Peter Grimes*—in the orchestral interludes. That which comes between the two scenes of murder is brisk and martial (aided by a mass of extra brass stationed in the stalls' circle). I am willing to be persuaded that it represents the impetus of violence, but at the moment it seems to signify nothing, a noise without purpose—and it is loud enough to do more damage to the fabric of the house than last winter's frost.

The title role is sung by Miss Marie Collier who, as far as my taste goes, has made a number of only partially satisfactory appearances at Covent Garden

recently. But this is an undoubted triumph for her. Her dark, passionate looks place her at once as a creature more at home in a salon than wrestling in a courtyard (which she has to do in one of the most unlikely scenes I've ever seen) and she at once gains our sympathy. The music is ideally placed for her lyric-dramatic voice. It seems a pity that her most successful assumption to date is in a work that will inevitably attract a specialist audience. If it were a bit of early 19th-century nonsense, we would possibly lose her to the world. . . .

Possibly it is part of producer Vlado Habunek's intention,

but the other characters pale beside Miss Collier's glowing presence. As her lover Charles Craig, never the most imaginative of artists, sings strongly but woodenly and gives no hint of working-class sexuality. The opera has been mounted by the same team responsible for *Khovanschina*. In that opera Bozidar Rasica's glowing colours and unreal sets fitted in well with the atmosphere. Here a similar technique is used less successfully; a story of such basic realism cannot really carry conviction against these pretty (in the opening scenes) and impressionist sets. Edward Downes translated the libretto and also conducted.



In bed with her lover (Charles Craig) *Katerina* (Marie Collier) is haunted by visions of her father-in-law whom she has recently murdered. From Shostakovich's opera *Katerina Ismailova* at Covent Garden

instant beauty mix

GOOD LOOKS
BY
ELIZABETH
WILLIAMSON

Instant hairdo made of 1001 feathers is designed for a masked ball (the mask, not shown, has green cats' eyes). It hides all hair and the feathers float prettily round the head. This one is chick yellow and is made to order at the John Cavanagh Boutique, Curzon St.

Instant additions with Antoine's petits postiches—actually a pair of switches that fix firmly with combs. They can supply extra height, curve forward from the sides of the head, or form extra hair for a piled-up affair. These can be finished off with ornaments like small velvet bows or sparkly pins for around 14 gns., exactly matched to your own hair.

Instant pretty hands three minutes spent massaging with special cream provides summery winter hands. Countess Csaky's Rejuvenating hand cream should be rubbed in under water as hot as you can bear it. The hands emerge from this looking raw and wind-bitten but after ten minutes they are transformed into lily whiteness. Countess Csaky (whose own hands have the look of a lifetime's loving care) believes you are never too young to start looking after them.

Instant beautifier is the face mask that tightens a lazy pored skin beyond belief. Naturally, this doesn't last for ever but make-up goes on that much better over a supple skin. There is a mask to suit every kind of skin—even the very dry when it's often advisable to smooth on an anti-dry cream first. Orlane have a Masque Bleu (for oily skins) and a Rêve Rose for the dry kind. Each is baby-soft in action. Harriet Hubbard Ayer's Total mask is expectedly soothing, refreshing and the next best thing to a visit to the beautician.

PHOTOGRAPH: BARRY WARNER



MOTORIZING

RESOLUTIONS & REVOLUTIONS

One would like to think that all of us who live by and with the motor car were making worthy New Year resolutions today; that the manufacturers resolve to give us cars of complete reliability from which bits will not drop off within days of our taking delivery; that their distributors and dealers will give us cheerful, willing service when we require it; that our Government will be unanimous in its resolution to give us roads to fit the traffic. And that we—the great Us—have resolved to use those same roads in a responsible, courteous and skilful manner.

Motoring today, more than ever before, is a matter of teamwork—good cars, good roads and good road-users are all essential factors. As to the first, the industry internationally is on its toes to produce models that will suit the widest possible range of purse and purpose, and newcomers from some of the biggest factories in Europe will shortly be rolling on to the world stage. Indeed, a week or two from now I expect to be on a Mediterranean island driving one of them up and down the mountains.

Not long afterwards the annual motor show at Geneva will reveal other fresh offerings, some of them no doubt British. And then will come summer queues on all our main roads, especially those to the coast; little hope of our ever seeing the end of *them*, no matter how

much is spent on highway construction and improvement.

In one of the magazines devoted to the subject I noticed a "spoof" advertisement for "Standard kit, motorists, for survival of. Issue, urban car owners. Ex supply dept. Min. of Tran. 1984." Consisting of "a tent, gale-proof; sleeping bag, kapok; suit, all-weather protective; boots, warm, hiking; meals, autoheat, canned; canteen, water," and so on. The caption explained it as a "Traffic engineer's prophetic nightmare; drivers marooned in a total, country-wide jam." But the advertisers (Elliott Traffic Automation) propounded a solution: "traffic twice as heavy as today, moving smoothly on existing streets and main roads, through a network of computer-controlled, vehicle-activated signalling systems."

Elliott Traffic have, it appears, devised such a system which they call "Imprec," short for infinitely variable, multi-phase, regional controller, ever since they realized that "whatever new roads might get built, this country will one day seize up unless a way can be found to maximize the traffic-bearing capacity of

the roads we have."

So *that*, apparently, is the experts' prophecy—a continuous stream of vehicles, moving and stopping, moving and stopping. One can only hope that the Buchanan Report will be translated into concrete reality in time to avoid stagnation—also that, no matter what Government comes into power after the General Election, we will continue to have as energetic a Minister of Transport as Mr. Marples, and one as knowledgeable on the subject of roads. His contribution to catching up on the effects of so many wasted years has been enormous, but has he appeared on the scene a quarter of a century too late?

And now we the motoring public, as the number of licensed drivers tops the ten million mark, are beginning to regard ourselves as, *tout court*, The Public. There are few people in this country who do not use a car quite frequently, if not all the time. Therefore, when we are pedestrians our car must have some place in which it can be stationary. We can't all have garages, because when the majority of an average town's houses were built the car-owning popula-

tion, if it existed at all, was a negligible proportion. We grew up in the belief that a road was a "public" highway, on which our car could remain freely outside our own premises. Even that is now in process of being taken from us, for it has to be admitted that—as the advertisement I mentioned said—the traffic-bearing capacity of our roads must be maximized. Of course, the threat to make us pay for our "free" road space will be hotly contested, but so was the introduction of parking meters—and we all know who won that fight.

The fact is, our car population is outstripping the space available to it, at least in towns, and naturally no one is going to build public garages until it is made impossible to park for free on the highway. Nevertheless, it does not seem that the progress of our beloved monster will be halted, even if one must wonder where those millions of cars pouring out of factories all over the western part of Europe are going to be housed when they are not on the move. And, if it comes to that, when they *are* on the move; presumably more and more British motorists will go to the Continent for their holiday tour and foreign motorists will be here in greater numbers. That, at any rate, seems the pattern for 1964—but I have no doubt at all that when our brand new latest model rolls up to our gate we shall get just as much fun out of it as in years gone by.



Too many cars and too few roads is not a problem confined to Britain. There is one way out as devised in Cannes. This street was badly needed, so was constructed over the main line railway along the Riviera coast. With so many dead lines in this country, planners may note.

Today, for the first time this season, I saw one of those suntanned faces that pop up about now. Skiing, it seems, is one of the best ways of acquiring a tan—even if the tanned area is a bit limited. And winter sun seems more reliable than the summer sun. Soon the piste-bashers will be flooding out from Victoria and London airport, and the first autographed cast will appear.

I don't expect any prizes for this information, but skiing is a sport and snow is cold, and any sport demands fitness, and cold weather needs special clothing. The fitness part is best looked after by a few exercises carried out every day for the weeks preceding the holiday. The ever-helpful Ski Club of Great Britain offers a useful booklet showing these exercises, which are designed to strengthen those muscles that are going to take unaccustomed strains. This sort of training can minimize the chances of a serious fall, and in any case will result in a skier tiring less rapidly. The Ski Club is at 118, Eaton Square, and the membership fee is thoroughly worth while: the air service alone can save the subscription, and an insurance

There must be very few homes in Britain today where a top-flight cook reigns in the kitchen. The number of large houses employing a chef is even fewer. This means that the housewife (can't somebody invent a more attractive term?) has to do most of the cooking herself, unless she has a gifted husband who when occasion arises, can stand in for her. There are more of these men about than one realizes, and we no longer jibe that they need a washer-up in constant attendance.

I know not one but several young husbands—fathers of small children, too—who take over the family cooking at weekends and also do the clearing up. When it comes to introducing new foods in their homes, I find that men are more adventurous than women. This is not to say that women are themselves not adventurous but that, paradoxically enough, when they produce a new dish, too often the man of the house does not appreciate it. This week, therefore, I will deal with some of the new things that should appeal to both.

Frozen snails, all ready to be placed in snail dishes and heated in the oven or under the grill, are new. Harrods have had them for some little time

DAVID MORTON

MAN'S WORLD

ADVICE FROM AN ENVOIOUS ONE

scheme (absolutely vital, insurance) is also available to members. The booklet, *Pre-Ski Exercises*, costs 3s. 6d.

Dry-ski training classes are also a help. The stores that specialize in winter sports—Harrods, Lillywhites, Gordon Lowe, Simpsons, Pindisports—and some travel agencies, usually run schools, and the Central Council of Physical Recreation at 6 Bedford Square, will also give information.

As to snow being cold sort of stuff, the winter sports departments have plenty of answers to that one. In fact, most of the articles of clothing usually worn at weekends can be applied to winter sports. The only unusual items specially needed, and the most important by far, are ski boots and ski trousers. It's quite pointless to try and save money on boots, though it's not at all a bad idea to hire them. Most of the holiday will be spent wearing boots, so it's very important that they should be comfort-

able and properly fitted. Always wear ski socks for the fitting, a pair of thick oiled wool ones over normal weight socks; this way one can check that the size is right and that the ankle is gripped firmly. Providing the novice is fussy about fit, hired boots may be the answer, for the next time he'll know how to judge ski-boots when he wants to buy them.

Ski-trousers, or Vorlages, should be warm and water repellent, perfectly fitting, and made of an elasticized material, fastened under the instep. Long pants, or *Hamlets*, worn under ski-trousers, help keep the cold out. A string vest helps, too, worn under a light wool vest or sweater, and a long-sleeved sports shirt. Really low temperatures on north slopes may call for another sweater or even two, and over the lot goes an anorak or parka. This must be wind-proof, of natural or synthetic material. Plenty of pockets, capable of being fastened se-

curely, help, and so does some sort of hood, unless a skull cap or earband is worn.

The best sort of glove for beginners is the mitt-type, made of soft leather, and preferably with a gauntlet over the anorak sleeve. True gloves are best left to experts. And apart from a scarf, a pair of sunglasses and goggles, that's about it for the active skier. Oh, yes, and a pair of skis and ski-sticks.

The rest of the holiday falls into travelling to the resort and back, and that pleasant range of activities—eating, drinking and wenching—that's termed après-ski. Travelling out and back calls for a warm overcoat and the sort of clothes and shoes that you'll wear in the evening; this allows luggage to be cut down. The time spent out there and not actively skiing is pretty informal everywhere, and in the way of clothes, just about anything goes. Après-ski clothing for men may sound a bit of an affectation, but after all, skiing is an active sport, and a change of clothing comfortable and necessary. The hotels are generally warm, so roll-neck sweaters in light wool, and slacks are probably best.

HELEN BURKE

DINING IN

FIRST FREEZE YOUR SNAIL

but it was not until a few days ago that I tried a dozen of them. They are the best I have discovered out of France—and that takes in restaurants. They come, complete with garlic butter. Special snail dishes in aluminium can be obtained from Cadec of Greek Street. Price of a dish for six snails is 8s 6d., for twelve 12s. 6d.

Having no snail dishes, I propped mine between the grid wires of my grill pan and it worked very well. I would warn anyone who buys the snails that they should not be overcooked. I gave mine about ten minutes under a pretty hot grill and they were perfect—not at all rubbery but as good as the best that one has ever had in France. The snails themselves cost 10s. a dozen, which is not exactly inexpensive, but they could remind one of that delightful little country restaurant in Auvergne.

Frozen frogs' legs, also at Harrods, are another importa-

tion from France, reasonably priced at 18s. for eighteen pairs.

Probably the best way to prepare frogs' legs is the simplest—that is, Meunière style. Here is a simple way which prevents the butter from burning. First, turn the legs into cold water and, when they have defrosted, leave them in it for 1½ hours. Drain and dry them, dip them in milk and then in flour and shake off any excess.

Have a frying-pan large enough to take the frogs' legs in one layer. In it, heat 2 to 3 oz. of butter and 2 tablespoons of olive oil. Fry the legs all over to a golden brown. Place them on a heated serving dish, add a squeeze of lemon juice and season them with salt and freshly milled pepper. If the butter has not become too dark, pour it over the legs. If it has, clean out the pan and add another ounce or so of butter to it. Let this brown until it gives off the aroma of hazelnuts (*beurre noisette*) and pour

it over the legs. Finally, sprinkle with chopped parsley.

To return to the snails. They are fairly expensive and I take it that extravagance is not one of our New Year resolutions. But they do make an impressive beginning to a meal and their cost can be offset by economy. Breast of lamb, at the moment, is the least expensive cut of meat. If one cuts it into fingers with the bone, heats them in a fairly wide thick-bottomed pan to extract the fat, pours off the fat and makes a ragout of the fingers, one is compensated for any apparent prodigality.

Continuing the quest for something new, I suggest a visit to the recently opened German Food Centre at 44, Knightsbridge. It is something of a shop window for all sorts of specialities. Think, for instance, of special herbs, cheeses you have encountered only in West Germany, sausages of all kinds, paper thin cuts of ham and other meats, all suitable for *aufschnitt*, that delicious cold platter found in only a few London restaurants.

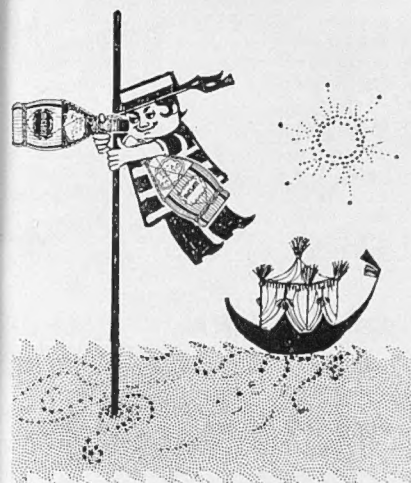
New to me were venison pâté and canned calf's liver sausage to store against an emergency, cans and jars of herring in many presentations, and a superb cheese display.

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